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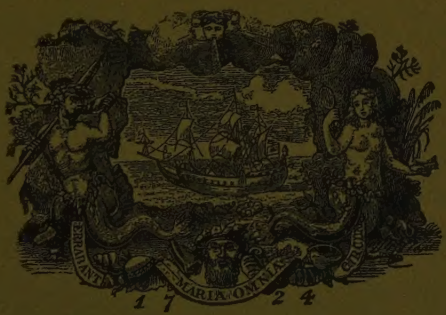

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VOLUME ONE NUMBER FOUR OCTOBER 1960

EDITOR: A. NORMAN JEFFARES

Professor of English Literature at the University of Leeds

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Editorial

WHEN Macaulay put the case for the use of English in Indian education in his minute of 1835 his views were probably consonant with those of most of his English contemporaries. What is less well known perhaps is that his attitude to oriental literature was shared by radical thinking liberal minded Bengalis in Calcutta. Raja Rammohan Roy, for instance, had opposed the establishment of a Sanskrit School in very strong terms in a letter he wrote in December 1823 to Lord Amherst; the points he made in this letter corresponded to the ideas of forward-looking intellectuals in the nineteenth century. Indeed Pandit Sivanath Sastri wrote (in his biography of Ramtanu Lahiri) that Macaulay had sowed his seed on prepared soil.

What Macaulay did was based on his liberal beliefs. In his speech on the India Bill of 1853 he said he would never consent to keep Indians 'ignorant in order to keep them manageable, or to govern them in ignorance in order that we may govern them long'. *Hansard* also tells us how he foresaw in 1833 that the public mind of India might expand under the British system until it outgrew that system, that through European knowledge might come a desire for European institutions:

> Whether such a day will ever come I know not. But never will I attempt to avert or to retard it. Whenever it comes, it will be the proudest day in English history.

Macaulay applied his liberal beliefs to India and in doing so not only created an educational system, but through it provided also for a fusion of utilitarian aims and imaginative ideas. His contribution to Indian thought, and particularly to Indian literary thought, may later emerge in the view of historians as work akin to that of Erasmus in the sixteenth century. Both men had positive aims. Erasmus wished the Christian faith to be made more easily available to ordinary men and women; he wanted to substitute the

scholarship and the breadth of classical literature for the pedantry of the schoolmen. Macaulay wished to extend the liberal climate of opinion into India and into her educational system, to create a civil service, and to establish firmly the freedom of the press and the equality of the law; in doing so he established the study of English language and literature, and, while he said he was ready to take oriental learning at the valuation of the orientalists themselves, he seems to have regarded Sanskrit (which he had only read in translation) much as Erasmus regarded scholasticism.

Both men were able to forward their aims because words came into their command; they had a reverence for past models of writing and indeed found pleasure in imitating them. They did not think of words as things to be shaken at random from some romantic pepperpot of emotion. They knew literature rested upon skill as well as sensibility; and for both of them literature was the prop of life.

Indian scholars—notably Srinivasa Iyengar and R. S. Das Gupta—are now drawing attention to the positive role Macaulay played in the creation of modern India, not only in her educational, legal and political progress, but especially in her literary development. He is being forgiven his unfortunate remarks about the relative value of a shelf of a European library, now that the Indian intellectual climate of his day is appreciated; but he is also being credited with the literary unity which English gave to diverse autochthonous expressions of life and thought in the subcontinent. It is enlivening to meet in India an enormous Renaissance-like appetite for literature—and especially English literature—regarded as no less an Indian than an English possession.

Though the man who did most to establish this enthusiasm died only a hundred years ago, many of his far-sighted ideas have come nobly into fruition. Without his convictions and his consummate ability to convey them he might have been unable to play in India a role which, while being supremely practical, was no less imaginatively creative.

A.N.J.

Macaulay's Style As An Essayist

G. S. FRASER

MACAULAY'S style—the style of his essays even more than of his great history—was, of all the great Victorian English styles, the most strikingly and lastingly imitable. Nobody, today, attempts to write like Carlyle or Ruskin, or even like that master of an uneccentric pure conversational prose, Newman. To do so would be like dressing up in a dead man's clothes. But when I come upon a middle-page article in *The New Statesman*, say, by Professor Trevor-Roper or Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, I often fancy that I am reading a Macaulay who has had, drastically, to condense himself; the old machinery of allusion, point, and antithesis, of the periodic sentence coming down with a snap or a bang at the end, still works. And I remember, also, the excitement with which a young friend of mine, now a political commentator on one of our respectable daily papers, announced to me that he had discovered Macaulay's essays. No critic and no imaginative writer today at all resembles Macaulay. But he is still a useful model in the field of high popularisation, in the prose of opinion, information, political persuasion. His heirs are not only among the popular historians and the political journalists. There is more than a touch of Macaulay's manner, for instance, in the less technical writings of Bertrand Russell.

If the influence has been lasting, it was also immediate. Sir George Otto Trevelyan's fine biography of his uncle catches almost uncannily the structure and emphasis of Macaulay's sentences; the style of Trevelyan's *The Early History of Charles James Fox*, an even more vivacious and sparkling book, is just that of Macaulay, with the addition of a touch of genuine aristocratic insouciance which Macaulay, a middle-class convert to Whiggism,

never quite caught. Matthew Arnold deplored the prevalence in the late 1860's and early 1870's of what he called 'middle-class Macaulayese', but in fact the student of history and politics can trace Macaulay's influence, more fruitfully, in aristocratic writers; in, for instance, Lord Rosebery's excellent short life of the younger Pitt, in Lord Curzon's speeches, in Sir Winston Churchill's impressive life of his father. It can be traced, in fact, in unexpected places. I do not know if anyone has ever closely examined the prose style of the greatest of Victorian historical scholars, Lord Acton. Opposing almost everything, except the passion for liberty, that Macaulay stood for, he seems to me often to be imitating, perhaps unconsciously and certainly rather ineptly, Macaulay's manner. His prose is full of antitheses, of summary allusions, of pointed sentences, which do not quite come off, because they carry too heavy a burden of thought and learning. The greatest of Victorian critics, Matthew Arnold, brought the whole weight of his own rhetoric, his own 'heightened and telling way of putting things' to the demolishment of Macaulay's rhetoric; but, it would seem, with surprisingly little practical effect. Our most widely read living English historian is Macaulay's great-nephew, George Macaulay Trevelyan; and his style is very much Macaulay's style, with a subtler rhythm and with finer lights and shades.

'Where did you get that style?' asked Lord Jeffrey, when Macaulay first exploded, like a Roman candle, in the *Edinburgh Review*. But his wonder was not the wonder, mixed with perturbation, which he felt about the style of the young Carlyle. Macaulay's taste in literature was a conservative one; if one wants to know what a good critic he might have been, one has to read not his published essays but his marginal notes on Livy or Ovid or Thucydides. Vernacular literature was still, for him, something to be judged by the standards of Greece and Rome in their classical periods. The most recent English writer for whom he had a quite whole-hearted admiration was Jane Austen. He disliked Ruskin, he disliked Carlyle, he was too sharply opposed to everything that Newman stood for to appreciate Newman (though he recognised, grudgingly, his gifts). He was in a real sense old-fashioned not

only in his tastes but in his opinions; one of the last important contemporary books he read was John Stuart Mill's essay on Liberty, and Mill seemed to him like a man crying out 'Fire!' in the middle of Noah's flood. He thought Wordsworth's *Prelude* a poorer *Excursion*. He read, voraciously, sentimental novels with happy endings, as a public man today reads detective stories, he enjoyed Dickens rather condescendingly, as a public man today enjoys P. G. Wodehouse. He admired Byron and Shelley and Scott, he admired some things in Wordsworth but not what today we think his greatest things, but he felt that the early Victorian age was, on the whole, a day of small men both in literature and politics. He was, in his latter years, a whole-hearted Palmerstonian in politics. The strength of his style, its confidence, comes from the two facts that he accepted unquestioningly the surface forward flow of his age, and rejected, just as unquestioningly, its deeper undertow.

His style, in the essays, in its dependence on point, balance, an abundance of not too recondite literary and historical allusion, periodic order, sharp antithesis, is essentially the old *Edinburgh Review* style, the style of Jeffrey or Sidney Smith, handled, however, without Jeffrey's scrupulosity or Smith's bubbling fun, handled with a new breadth, a new, sometimes harsh vividness, perhaps a new coarseness. It is never slovenly or straggly; it has no obscurities, and no fine shades. Though it is a rapid style, with an effect of very forcible impetus, even of rush, it never leaves even the most obtuse reader struggling hopelessly in its wake. In its use of diverse exemplification and concealed repetition—many concrete instances of even the most obvious generalisation, and the generalisation itself clothed in a succession of different phrases—it is very much the style of an orator. It hammers its points home; it illustrates them to a degree, for the more quick-witted reader, almost of tedium. It can rise, it perhaps rises too often, to a peroration; but it can also make a joke. Its tone is rather difficult to define, or even to describe. It is perhaps not unlike the tone, today, of a good university extension lecturer with the knack of handling, or subduing, almost any kind of audience. There is no

deep intimacy, but there is a confidence that one will be listened to. Macaulay keeps at a certain dignified distance from the reader, but he is extremely aware, at the same time, of the importance of holding the reader's attention. He is friendly, he is vivacious, at times he almost verges on familiarity. He is not completely at ease, he is stretching himself, but he has a reassuring awareness of how much—how much information, what sound and yet surprising ideas, what a fertile field of illustration—he has to stretch. He is quite at the opposite pole from those writers whom Mr. John Holloway calls the Victorian sages, Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Newman. He does not speak out of any deep inner uneasiness; his purpose is neither self-exploration nor, crudely and obviously, self-expression. Rather he seems often to be exploiting the possibilities of a rhetorical medium almost for the medium's own sake. If we want to know something about his simple, pathetic, generous, and honourable inner life—a life almost entirely dependent for its happiness on books, on daydreams, and on intense family affection divorced from sex—we have to turn to his nephew's biography, and to the extracts from Macaulay's letters and journals included in that. His biographer was well aware of this vulnerable and touching privacy of the central man:

> It may . . . be taken for granted that a desire exists to hear something authentic about the life of a man who has produced works which are universally known, but which bear little or no indication of the private history and personal qualities of the author.[1]

The style, Trevelyan seems to be implying there, is in Macaulay's case *not* the man. It is, of course, a style with an unmistakable external individuality about it. Yet the critical reader has an uneasy sense that it is a machine; a machine that, once set in motion, will carry the writer on, almost without his own effort, almost without his own volition.

It carries on the biographer as well as his subject. Sir George Otto Trevelyan has, for instance, this to say about Zachary Macaulay's affection for West Africa:

[1] George Otto Trevelyan, *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, 1887 edition, p. 1.

> But for the absence of an Eve, he regarded the West Coast of Africa as a veritable Paradise, or, to use his own expression, as a more agreeable Montpelier. With a temper which in the inter-course of society was proof against being ruffled by any possible treatment of any conceivable subject, to the end of his life he showed faint signs of irritation if anyone ventured in his presence to hint that Sierra Leone was unhealthy.[1]

There is the note of Macaulay, there, in the doubling of literary and familiar or *mondain* allusions ('a veritable Paradise' doubled with 'a more agreeable Montpelier'). It is like Macaulay not to be able to mention Paradise without mentioning Eve. It is mildly amusing that Zachary Macaulay, in the innocence of his emancipating enthusiasm, should have enjoyed a climate which nearly all Europeans found oppressive and exhausting, if not actively dangerous. In case anybody has not seen the little joke, it is rubbed in in the next sentence. Zachary Macaulay is presented as a fantastically urbane man, who would never lose his temper in any conceivable circumstances but who would show 'faint' irritation if there were even a 'hint' that the climate of Sierra Leone was, not deadly, but merely 'unhealthy'. The reader is left with a sense of good-natured superiority to a saintly simpleton with a crotchet, a modern equivalent of Dr. Primrose or Parson Adams. For a portrait of Zachary Macaulay, a caricature is substituted; and Trevelyan himself must, in his heart, know that it is a caricature. He has himself depicted Zachary Macaulay as a Tory Evangelical utterly obsessed with African emancipation. Would such a man have remained unruffled by a conversation which treated lightly either the Christian faith or the horrors of the slave trade? Trevelyan also describes Zachary Macaulay as a kind but difficult parent, who inflicted long sermons on his children, and who was considerably ruffled by Tom's absorption in profane literature and by Tom's switch-over, at Cambridge, from Evangelical Tory to Erastian Whig politics. This is almost a better example than any in Macaulay's own works of the difficulty, in Macaulayan rhetoric, of telling the plain truth. The plain truth would be something like this; that Zachary Macaulay, though a very polite, patient, and tolerant man in all discussions where his

[1] *Ibid*, p. 17.

central faith and purpose were not engaged, had an almost irritable defensive affection for West Africa.

There are plenty of examples of this kind of distortion, the exigent simplifications of rhetoric ironing out the awkward complications of fact, in Macaulay's own essays. Take these sentences on Byron:

> The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and feeling heart; but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and *a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the street mimicked.*[1]

I have read many contemporary accounts of Byron and I recently visited Newstead Abbey and looked both at the testimony of his shoemaker and at a pair of his shoe-lasts. I cannot think that he was ever mocked in the streets, except just possibly in Aberdeen, in his schooldays. The lame foot seems to have been of the same size as the sound foot; the ankle could not support the lame leg, which was perhaps a little shorter than the sound one. Byron's clothes, his boots, his mode of walking and standing were all calculated to make his deformity, which in any case was of a weakening rather than a dis-figuring kind, as inconspicuous as possible. Macaulay must have known all this; the rhetorical machine carried him away, he could not resist a coarsely effective antithesis. Or take the even more notorious sentences on Boswell:

> If he had not been *a great fool*, he would never have been a great writer. Without all the qualities which made him the *jest and torment* of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the *insensibility to all reproof*, he would never have produced so excellent a book.[2]

The subtle psychological penetration which is everywhere evident in the life of Johnson ought to have made it obvious to Macaulay that Boswell was, at least, not a fool *qua* writer. Nobody lives so long as Boswell did at the centre of the best intellectual company of his day who is merely the 'jest and torment' of his friends, and

[1] Thomas Babington Macaulay. *Critical and Historical Essays*. Vol. 2. Everyman's Library, p. 614.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 540.

Macaulay must have known Johnson's own lively and sincere tribute to Boswell's charm as a travelling companion. We know today more about Boswell than Macaulay did, but there is plenty of evidence of his extreme 'sensibility to reproof' in the great biography itself. Again, the steam-roller rhetoric crushes the truth flat.

It was this coarseness in the fibre, not of Macaulay's private and intimate self, but of his public rhetoric that Matthew Arnold never tired of attacking. The most vivacious attack comes in *Friendship's Garland*, in a conversation with Arminius von Thunder-ten-Tronckh reported by Adolescens Leo of the *Daily Telegraph*:

> Now I detest this German lecturer and his oracles, but I am above everything, a man of letters myself, I never refuse to listen to a remark upon style. 'Explain yourself,' said I; 'why do you call Mr. Hepworth Dixon's style middle-class Macaulayese?' 'I call it Macaulayese,' says the pedant, 'because it has the same internal and external characteristics as Macaulay's style; the external characteristics being a hard metallic movement with nothing of the soft play of life, and the internal characteristic being a perpetual semblance of hitting the right nail on the head without the reality. And I call it middle-class Macaulayese, because it has these faults without the compensation of great studies and of conversance with great affairs, by which Macaulay partly redeemed them.'[1]

In the essay on Joubert, Arnold calls Macaulay 'the great apostle of the Philistines', and describes him as:

> a born rhetorician; a splendid rhetorician doubtless, and beyond that, an *English* rhetorician also, an *honest* rhetorician; still beyond the apparent rhetorical truth of things he could never penetrate; for their vital truth, for what the French call the *vraie vérité*, he had absolutely no organ . . .[2]

Elsewhere he speaks of:

> the confident shallowness which makes [Macaulay] so admired by public speakers and leading-article writers, and so intolerable to all searchers for truth . . .[3]

Arnold's most sustained attack, an attack a little qualified by a tribute to Macaulay's attractiveness to the reader who is just

[1] *Friendship's Garland; being the Conversations, Letters, and Opinions of the late Arminius, Baron von Thunder-ten-Tronckh, etc.* (Second Edition). 1897. p. 71.

[2] M. Arnold, *Essays Literary and Critical*, (Everyman). p. 172.

[3] M. Arnold, *The Study of Celtic Literature, etc.* (Everyman). p. 134.

beginning to 'awake to the intellectual life', comes in the excellent essay, *A French Critic on Milton*: I quote some key phrases and sentences from a passage running over several pages (it will be noticed that Arnold repeats the general characterisation of Macaulay's style, especially the remarks on its mechanical and external quality, its lack of inner life, already uttered by Arminius):

> A style to dazzle, to gain admirers everywhere, to attract imitators in multitude! A style brilliant, metallic, exterior, making strong points, alternating invective with eulogy, wrapping in a robe of rhetoric the thing it represents . . . [The] writer has not for his aim to see and utter the real truth about his object . . . Substantial meaning such lucubrations can have none. And in like manner, a distinct and substantial meaning can never be got out of the fine phrases about 'Milton's conception of life uniting all the voluptuousness of the Oriental haram, with all the pure and quiet affection of the English fireside' . . . the phrases are mere rhetoric . . . The immense popularity of Macaulay is due to his being pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all who are *beginning* to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind . . . The Bible and Shakespeare may be said to be imposed upon an Englishman as objects of his admiration; but as soon as the common Englishman, desiring culture, begins to choose for himself, he chooses Macaulay. Macaulay's view of things is, on the whole, the view of them he feels to be his own also . . . But with the increasing number of those who awake to the intellectual life, the number of those also increases, who, having awoke to it, go on with it, follow where it leads them . . . To be satisfied with fine writing about the object of one's study, with having it praised or blamed in accordance with one's like and dislikes, with any conventional treatment of it whatever, is at this stage of growth seen to be futile. At this stage, rhetoric, even when it is so good as Macaulay's, dissatisfies.[1]

It would, I think, be a futile exercise in paradox to attempt to refute Arnold's general judgement, especially on Macaulay as a literary critic. The rhetoric is much less harmful to the controversial pieces on political thought, like the attacks on Southey, on James Mill, and on Gladstone. Of these, the Southey essay is the worst in tone and temper; I find the Mill essay sane and sympathetic; and I agree with Gladstone himself in finding the Gladstone piece, on Gladstone's early book on the relations of Church and State, a model of controversial courtesy. Perhaps the finest of all

[1] Matthew Arnold, *Mixed Essays*. London, 1879. pp. 238–46, *passim*.

the political pieces for tone, however, is the shortish essay on Lord Holland; Macaulay wrote it rather reluctantly, egged or nagged into doing so by Lady Holland, and the style somehow catches something of the easy stateliness of the old Whig society. There are no occasions for violent and coarse antithesis; something of the serene harmony of Lord Holland's own temperament chastens Macaulay's style. The masterpieces, however, among the essays are those which are almost pure narrative; the Clive, the Warren Hastings, the two essays on Chatham, the political part of the essay on Horace Walpole, the Frederick the Great. In these, the great historian is learning his trade. The best defence of Macaulay against Arnold, I think, or the best palliation of Arnold's case for the prosecution, is Macaulay's own view of his achievement as an essayist; a view remarkably modest.

In 1838, Lord Brougham, politically powerless and morally isolated, had, after scamping his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* for many years, determined to exert himself as if he were a young writer struggling into note. Macaulay, writing to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, MacVey Napier, commented:

> [Brougham's contributions] are, indeed, models of magazine writing, as distinguished from other sorts of writing. They are not, I think, made for duration. Everything about them is exaggerated, incorrect, sketchy. All the characters are either too black, or too fair. The passions of the writer do not suffer him to maintain even the decent appearance of impartiality. And the style, though striking and animated, will not bear examination through a single paragraph. But the effect of the first perusal is great; and few people read through an article in a review twice.[1]

Brougham hated Macaulay, who had all his own gifts, combined with two things that Brougham lacked, perfect honour and loyalty in political relations, and a self-knowledge that took in not only scope but limitations. Macaulay did not love Brougham; and in our enemies we have a particularly sharp eye for our own faults in an exaggerated form. All that Macaulay says of Brougham might be said, by a hostile critic, of Macaulay himself. But, unlike

[1] *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, by his nephew George Otto Trevelyan, M.P.* New Edition, 1881. London, p. 345.

Brougham, Macaulay had the gift of self-criticism. Writing again to Napier, in 1842, he says:

> The public judges, and ought to judge, indulgently of periodical works. They are not expected to be highly finished. Their natural life is only six weeks. Sometimes their writer is at a distance from the books to which he wants to refer. Sometimes he is forced to hurry through his task in order to catch the post. He may blunder; he may contradict himself; he may give an immoderate extension to one part of his subject, and dismiss an equally important part in a few words. All this is readily forgiven if there be a certain spirit and vivacity in his style. But, as soon as he republishes, he challenges a comparison with all the most polished and symmetrical of human compositions . . . My reviews are generally thought to be better written, and they certainly live longer, than the reviews of most other people; and this ought to content me. The moment I come forward to demand a higher rank, I must expect to be judged by a higher standard.[1]

Macaulay, also, was as keenly aware as Matthew Arnold himself that his gifts were not those of a literary critic. He refused, for that reason, in 1838, to review Lockhart's life of Scott. He wrote to Napier:

> I have written several things on historical, political, and moral questions of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I would be willing to be estimated; but I have never written a page of criticism on poetry, or the fine arts, which I would not burn if I had the power. Hazlitt used to say of himself, 'I am nothing if not critical'. The case with me is directly the reverse. I have a strong and acute enjoyment of works of the imagination; but I have never habituated myself to dissect them. Perhaps I enjoy them the more keenly, for that very reason. Such books as Lessing's Laocoon, such passages as the criticism on Hamlet in Wilhelm Meister, fill me with wonder and despair. Now, a review of Lockhart's book ought to be a review of Sir Walter's literary performances. I enjoy many of them;—nobody, I believe, more keenly;—but I am sure that there are hundreds who will criticise them far better. Trust to my knowledge of myself. I never in my life was more certain of anything than of what I tell you, and I am sure that Lord Jeffrey will tell you exactly the same.[2]

He had a very sound measure of himself. The essays are, like Brougham's, exaggerated, incorrect, sketchy. But they have

[1] *Ibid*, p. 418.

[2] *Ibid*, p. 343.

proved, unlike Brougham's, to be made for duration. Macaulay lived, from his childhood on, in books; a life of great affairs and intense affections never got him out of books; as an orator urging through the great Reform Bill, as an administrator reshaping the system of law and education in India, as a conversationalist at Holland House, he remained an eager and confident and very intelligent schoolboy, stepping out of his library, his mind full of everything that he had read. His great, and not really unwholesome influence, on political and popular historical writing, suggests odd reflections about how little of the subtlety and maturity of the personal life, of great imaginative literature, ever gets into the discussion of public affairs; about how much we are always ruled by intelligent schoolboys. But in our own age, even more than in Arnold's, there is a great public that is just '*beginning* to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind'. And that public might do much worse than turn to what Arnold rightly called Macaulay's honest and English rhetoric; it might turn to Mr. Colin Wilson.

I Have No Ireland

I have no Ireland, I have no Israel
or other holy furrow in which roots
can plunge deep through the eyes of buried gods
or thread the guts of heroes centuries asleep
to bring back common songs or ritournelles
I'd sing not knowing who had taught me them
while blood would beat my rhythm when I wrote
the same old story in the latest style.
Each word with me should all of language be
yet each thing here recorded brings a host
of displaced ghosts of other things
that want a country, and language and a name.

Nathaniel Tarn

Macaulay's Historical Imagination

JOHN CLIVE

In reading the opening chapters of the *Decline and Fall* one finds that Gibbon often constructs his paragraphs in such a way that the first half of the paragraph consists of a series of statements describing an *apparent* situation, character or sequence of events; while the second half, usually beginning with a qualifying conjunction such as 'but' or 'however', reveals the *real* forces or motives operating underneath the appearance. This is Gibbon's way of unfolding the narrative while at the same time commenting on it from his vantage point of omniscience after the event. But, more than that, this method of paragraph construction means that each such paragraph mirrors the historian's general theme of *actual* decay hidden under *apparent* peace and prosperity.

Is such conscious or unconscious elective affinity between style and subject to be found in Macaulay? Taine was perhaps the first to draw attention to the manner in which Macaulay in his *History* used apparently random anecdotes, illustrations, and allusions to reinforce his major themes. The French critic chose the example of James II's arrival in Ireland in 1689 to make his point: 'No horses to be found at Cork, the country a desert, the peasants marauders and butchers.' All this adds up to more than some random observations on social history. For from this description it becomes clear what will happen when William and the Protestants face the Irish Catholic forces at the Boyne: 'The history of manners is thus seen to be involved in the history of events; the one is the cause of the other, and the description explains the narrative.' One might go further than this and point out that Macaulay's habit of constructing his paragraphs by rounding off a tattoo of short, breathless sentences with a resolving period is more than what

Sir Richard Jebb called it—a trick of oratory, the surging and subsidence of thought and feeling in the orator's mind. Does not this stylistically reiterated sequence of tension and crisis leading to climactic resolution reflect the critical and tense sequence of events that found a happy issue in the Glorious Revolution; or, in a larger context, Macaulay's general theme of *per aspera ad astra*?

This aspect of the relationship between style and content—the possibility of an affinity between the subject chosen by the historian and his manner of expression (which is, of course, in turn an aspect of his personality)—must inevitably remain in the realm of speculation. But there is no doubt at all that Macaulay was very conscious of less intangible matters pertaining to arrangement and structure in historical writing. He wanted to make his *History* instructive, entertaining, and universally intelligible; and he rewrote and polished endlessly to achieve these goals. One need only re-read Chapter Three on the state of England in 1685 to find instances of masterfully planned transitions—logical, easy, and seemingly inevitable—and to discount his own modest statement confided to his journal in 1854 that 'arrangement and transition are arts which I value much, but which I do not flatter myself that I have attained'. He was very much aware of how the great historians of the past had dealt with problems of presenting and arranging narrative history; Thucydides and Herodotus remained yardsticks for his own performance. When he devised as a means of exposition the declamatory disquisition, a summary of the arguments that might have been used by various parties to sustain their feelings at critical junctures, he did so because he felt he needed to have an equivalent for the speeches employed by the ancient historians.

Not only was Macaulay very conscious, then, of the importance of scaffolding in historical writing—but he was indeed a consummate master of the art of draping his narrative around that scaffolding in such a way that the latter remained for the most part invisible. He has also, in his personal papers and in reports of his conversation, left some revealing glimpses of the extent to which

he was generally familiar with the workings of his historical imagination. His method in the *History of England*, as he wrote in his journal on 3 March 1853, was to get as fast as he could over what was dull, and to dwell as long as he could on what could be made picturesque and dramatic. One way of making history 'picturesque' was to give the reader a vivid sense of place; and Macaulay's travels to the scenes of the events he was describing helped him collect, as he wrote after his trip to Ireland in 1849, 'a large store of images and thoughts'—images which his photographic memory retained, so to speak, as negative film to be developed into positives when he came to write. Sometimes a more complex process occurred. A vivid contemporary image totally unrelated to his subject became the means of enhancing his depiction of past events. Thus he notes in his journal on 19 May 1851, that the sight of the Great Exhibition has made him feel a flow of eloquence or something like it; and that it has made him think of some touches which would greatly improve his description of the battle of Steinkirk.

Finally, and this is perhaps the most interesting aspect of the problem of the relation of Macaulay's imaginative powers to his historical writing, there is the historian's consciousness of the connection between his fantasy life and his written history. In the verses he wrote after being defeated at the Edinburgh election of 1847 he consoled himself with the comforting reflection that:

> Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream
> Mine all the past, and all the future mine

And these lines merely give poetic expression to the importance for his work of a linkage between thought and dream upon which he often commented less formally. To his sister Margaret (who noted the remark in her journal on 30 March 1831) he once said that his factual accuracy was due to his love of castle-building. From childhood on he had retained the habit of constructing the past into a romance. As soon as he found himself in the streets he imagined himself in Greece, in Rome, in the midst of the French

Revolution. And in these daydreams, in the course of which he composed conversations between the great people of the time in the style of Sir Walter Scott, precision in dates, the day or hour in which a man was born, was of crucial importance. In a letter written to Margaret some time later he referred to his 'power of forgetting what surrounds me, and of living with the past, the future, the distant, and the unreal'. In 1857, while engaged on what were to be the last chapters of his *History*, he confides to his journal that if he lives long enough he will one day write a disquisition on the strange habit of day-dreaming to which he imputes a great part of his literary success.

He did not, as he half suspected, live to write this disquisition. But not long before his death, during a trip to Weybridge with the Trevelyans and their children, he and his sister Hannah (Lady Trevelyan) fell to talking about the habit of building castles in the air—'a habit in which Lady Trevelyan and I indulge beyond any people that I ever know. I mentioned to George [his nephew, later his biographer] what, as far as I know, no critic has observed, that the Greeks called this habit κενὴ μακαρία [empty happiness]. Alice, his niece who was some way off and did not hear distinctly, said "Kenneth Macaulay! What did the Greeks say about Kenneth Macaulay?" I shall always call the unreal world in which I pass a large part of my life Kenneth Macaulay.'

'The unreal world in which I pass a large part of my life'—the statement jibes with what we know of Macaulay's love of fiction and drama and of his own considerable histrionic abilities. This is the Macaulay who in his boyhood addressed a letter to 'one of the high and mighty triumvirate of girls, member of the most Honourable Committee for Circulating the Bride of Abydos'—in short, his sister; who years later delighted the Trevelyans by acting out an old clothesman and by romancing about a secret embassy to America on which he pretended he had been sent twenty years before; and who, in an April Fool's Day letter to his sister Hannah, informed her that Mrs. Beecher Stowe had invited herself to dinner bringing along a negro parson named Caesar Ugbark. In what ways, for better or for worse, did the historian's

strongly developed visual and dramatic imagination and his equally strongly developed fantasy life influence his historical writing?

I should like to suggest that on the positive side this imaginative capacity contributed in great measure to two important qualities that helped to lend the *History of England* its never-ending fascination: a strongly developed sense of the concrete in pictorial form and the capacity to animate into forward motion in time motives, characters and situations—a capacity which at the same time that it benefited the style and general structure of the *History* also contributed to the strong sense of linkage between past and present that pervades it. This sense of linkage we have come to recognise, perhaps a little too readily, as characteristic of the 'Whig interpretation of history'.

In his essay on 'History' Macaulay demanded that the perfect historian must indicate changes of manners not merely by a few general phrases, or in extracts from statistics, but by appropriate images presented in every line. When he came to write his *History* many years later, Macaulay followed his own prescription, always making explicit through concrete and familiar images what would otherwise have stood in danger of remaining distant and dull.

Here he is on the tenets of the Puritans: 'It was a sin to hang garlands on a Maypole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hunt a stag, to play at chess, to wear lovelocks, to put starch into a ruff, to touch the virginals, to read the *Faerie Queene*.' Here he is describing the Princess Mary skating on the Dutch canals, 'poised on one leg, and clad in petticoats shorter than are generally worn by ladies so strictly decorous'. And here on the profound submission and obedience of the Jesuit 'whether he should live under the arctic circle or under the equator, whether he should pass his life in arranging gems and collating manuscripts at the Vatican or in persuading naked barbarians under the Southern Cross not to eat each other'. Here on the country squires hurrying to London early in 1690 to oppose the Corporation Bill which they interpreted as a retrospective penal law against the entire Tory party: 'A hundred knights and squires left their halls hung with

mistletoe and holly, and their boards groaning with brawn and plum porridge, and rode up post to town, cursing the short days, the cold weather, the miry road, and the villainous Whigs.'

These examples could be multiplied indefinitely; and there is no need to comment on their visual and dramatic impact. What *is* worth noting is how often the historian's visual imagination is reinforced by what might be called his propulsive imagination. In other words, he demonstrates an instinctive ability to propel inert facts into motion—an ability closely akin to his private day-dreaming and fantasy life in which he was able to propel *himself* into imaginary situations. At its simplest level this capacity means that when confronted with the statement 'The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain', one at once visualises the Spanish plain as soggy. The original statement describes only the process, leaving the effects to the imagination. The transition, once made, seems natural, logical, and obvious. But the ability to make it, regularly and as a matter of course, is rare and not to be despised. At a more complex level, it is this same capacity which enabled Macaulay to propel the lord of the manor of the late seventeenth century to London, and to see him there jostled by bullies, splashed by hackney coachmen, victimised by pickpockets and shopkeepers, and derided by fops; or to describe the effect on Englishmen of all ranks of the possible closing of hundreds of houses of entertainment and public resort:

> Men of fashion would have missed the chocolate house in Saint James's Street, and men of business the coffee pot, round which they were accustomed to smoke and talk politics, in Change Alley. Half the clubs would have been wandering in search of shelter. The traveller at nightfall would have found the inn where he had expected to sup and lodge deserted. The clown would have regretted the hedge alehouse, where he had been accustomed to take his pot on the bench before the door in summer, and at the chimney corner in winter.

His propulsive imagination enabled Macaulay to set in motion what for most other historians would have remained stationary puppets, to exploit to the full the dynamic potential of what in other hands would have been merely a static situation or social setting.

It is this same propulsive imagination that helped make Macaulay such a master of the art of transition, an art which in its essence is after all nothing more than the orderly linkage of one paragraph or section of writing to the next, in a seemingly ineluctable propulsion, conceived in terms of the author's total vision and cemented by means of linguistic or logical association. In this way his particular gift of imagination supplemented effectively his concern for the technical structure of historical writing.

Macaulay's personal fantasy life oscillated naturally between present and past. The streets of London and Paris evoked vivid historical associations for him. His thoughts for weeks on end, we are told by his biographer, dwelt more in Latium and Attica than in Middlesex. Cicero and Curio were to him as real as Peel and Stanley. When he helped to carry the Great Reform Bill the drama of the parliamentary scene turned his thoughts at once to Caesar stabbed in the Senate House and to Cromwell taking the mace from the table. And it is this close personal involvement with the great events and the great men preceding those of his own time, as much as any theory of progress, that becomes transformed into that contrapuntal interweaving of past and present which runs through and dominates the *History* at every turn. Here subjective imagination and philosophy of history blend into one.

If, then, Macaulay's powerful imagination, nurtured on his inner life of day-dreams and fantasy, exerted itself in his historical writing in all these ways, what was it that led Sir Charles Firth to remark that the historian 'had little insight into men's motives and very little sympathy or imagination?' And why does Professor Geyl call Macaulay a man in whom the intellect is far more developed than the imagination, a man who does not express a feeling of awe before the mystery of the past? The answer, as even a cursory reading of Macaulay is sufficient to show, is, of course, that he did not possess the all-embracing sympathy, the capacity for *Einfühlung*, that would have enabled him to treat all personages, parties, and ideas in history with equal respect and understanding. This lack was due, in part, to the fact that when all

is said and done, and when the simplistic interpretation of Macaulay as merely a Whig historian has been properly modified, it must still be said that he was a person of strong prejudices and, on occasion, of unfair bias. The charges so brilliantly brought forward in Paget's *New Examen* have never been satisfactorily refuted. One does not go to Macaulay for an impartial view of English history.

I should like to suggest that, even discounting prejudice and *parti pris*, it was the particular quality of Macaulay's imagination itself that militated against the sort of all-inclusive sympathy which he is justly accused of having lacked. As one reads the historian's letters and journals one is struck again and again by his express intention to make his historical writing lively, amusing and dramatic. Steeped from childhood in the English novel—to the point where he and his sisters would discuss household affairs and family gossip in the language of Mr. Woodhouse and Mrs. Elton—an avid admirer of Scott's fictional historical reconstructions, Macaulay set himself the task of making his own *History* as vivid and as entertaining as the latest work of fiction. In this he succeeded. Yet the very harping on the necessity for making history lively, the self-conscious sense of literary artifice, and of what he himself called the need for purple patches, these traits—admirable as they are—may also have acted as impediments to the genuine historical imagination which is more concerned with the unvarnished truth than with enlivening it.

After re-reading Defoe, Macaulay once remarked that the novelist had a knack of making fiction look like truth . . . 'but is such a knack much to be admired?' One might turn the question around, and ask whether Macaulay's own knack of making truth look like fiction or romance did not itself hold certain dangers, did not, for instance, produce the kind of artificial heightening for effect that made William III into a saint and Marlborough into a villain. And here the historian's fantasy life, so fruitful for his historical writing in other respects, tended to let him down. Not only, as Sir Charles Firth has pointed out, did his castle-building lead to inaccuracies and errors because it made him form all too vivid and clear conceptions of the chief figures in his story before

he undertook a systematic examination of all the accessible evidence. The propulsive capacity of his imagination, beneficial to the *History* in so many ways, was strong but solipsistic. It was always *he* who talked to the great figures of the past, he who saw *himself* in various imaginary situations. His day-dreams were at once product and enhancement of his inborn sense of histrionics. They added immeasurably to the colour and the drama of his great work. But, self-centred as they were, they did not really enable him, in fact, they made it very difficult for him to project himself into the hearts and minds of the men and women of the past; especially those against whom he was inclined by temperament or politics. The propulsion remained external. There was no internal projection—for he never left his own skin. It is singularly fitting that, in jokingly christening his fantasy life 'Kenneth Macaulay', he should have chosen to dub it with his own name.

A Teenager Dies

Finished with life: with traffic, coffee bars
telly and fish-and-chips and discs; no more
to tour a basket round the super-store,
no more to blossom, on a Friday night,
into a sequined rose of billowed net,
to wear pin-heels, fluffed hair and shadowed eyes
and for a brief bright space forget
the office and the tyrant typewriter,
the counter lunch of sausage rolls and pies . . .
Finished with life: with London in the rain,
queues for a movie or a rush-hour train . . .
Ready to meet her maker: will she go
cyclamen-lipped, with bouffant skirts that show
at every step her petticoats' tiered snow?

Kathrine Sorley Walker

Macaulay's Lays

C. V. WEDGWOOD

In November 1842 Leigh Hunt wrote to Macaulay for a loan and added that he did not think the newly published *Lays of Ancient Rome* had 'the true poetical aroma which breathes from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*'. Macaulay, who never made any high claim for his verses, was amused and even pleased that poor Hunt 'had the spirit to tell me, in a begging letter, how little he likes my poetry'.

Leigh Hunt was right to consider the *Lays* inferior to Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, though strangely misguided to make the comparison. The question is not whether the *Lays*, or any of Macaulay's verses, reach the level of one of the greatest poems in the language, but whether they succeed at the much less ambitious level to which Macaulay aspired. He had tried, chiefly for his own pleasure, to reconstruct the lost popular poetry of ancient Rome. The *Lays* are meant as primitive patriotic chants and songs of war, ballads directed at a large audience who wish only to hear a good story well told and to experience gratifying sensations of national pride. When they came out Christopher North, in *Blackwood's*, was much nearer to the mark than Leigh Hunt. He praised their 'cut and thrust' style and their ballad-like qualities. The *Lays*, he asserted, were not to be read over in silence, but to be declaimed over and over again. Sir Walter Scott, he reminded his readers:

> kept reciting his favourite ballads almost every day for forty years, and with the same fire about his eyes. Sir Walter would have rejoiced in Horatius as if he had been the doughty Douglas.

These then are the standards by which the *Lays* are to be judged, and since the old ballads lived by the directness of their popular appeal, the instant and wide popularity of the *Lays* seems to show

that Macaulay had succeeded in his object. But the question is not quite so simple, and since the *Lays* have exerted a considerable influence in forming the poetic tastes of rising generations of intelligentsia for about a century their peculiar qualities are worth examining.

Macaulay's fondness for ballads old and new is well known. 'He bought every halfpenny song on which he could lay his hands; if only it was decent and a genuine, undoubted poem of the people', Trevelyan tells us in his *Life*. On one occasion, when he had bought a parcel of ballads from a bookstall a crowd of children followed him, audibly speculating on 'whether or not the gentleman was going to sing'. Nineteenth-century tabus were too strong for Macaulay to set up, even for once, as a street minstrel, though perhaps he would have liked to do so. His feeling for the ballads went far beyond mere objective interest in them. Walking the back streets of London with his brother, he would talk of 'restoring to poetry the legends of which poetry has been robbed by history', for he firmly believed, with some justification, that popular ballads had been an important, and perhaps in some cases the only, way in which historical knowledge in early times had been handed on from generation to generation. During these walks in the City, his brother 'heard for the first time from his lips the Lays of Rome'.

He had been thinking of them for years before they were published in 1842, but the greater part of the writing was done as a pastime while he was in India. It was a pastime which well reflected a temperament nicely balanced between the romantic and the scholarly. In explicit terms, Macaulay described their composition to his friend McVey Napier:

> You are acquainted, no doubt, with Perizonius's theory about the early Roman history; a theory which Niebuhr revived, and which Arnold has adopted as fully established. I have myself not the smallest doubt of its truth. It is that the stories of the birth of Romulus and Remus, the fight of the Horatii and Curiatii and all the other romantic tales which fill the first three or four books of Livy, came from the lost ballads of the early Romans. I amused myself in India with trying to restore some of these long-perished poems. Arnold saw

two of them, and wrote to me in such terms of eulogy that I have been induced to correct and complete them. There are four of them, and I think that, though they are but trifles, they may pass for scholarlike and not inelegant trifles.

This phrase—'scholarlike and not inelegant trifles'—suggests the mood, between play and earnest, in which Macaulay approached his task. Had he striven too pedantically after scholarly exactitude his reconstructions of the lost ballads would have lacked the one quality that primitive popular poetry must have—a spontaneous fervour for the subject in hand. So in the intervals of his work in India, he would take up his pen and drawing on his prodigious memory of the classics, would transport himself in thought to the banks of the Tiber (which at that time he had never seen) and play at being an old Roman minstrel hymning the glories of his people.

After his return from India he visited Italy, and while he stowed into his capacious mind a multitude of other new impressions, he also investigated one or two points for his *Lays*. Standing by the Tiber at the site of the bridge which Horatius had kept in the 'brave days of old' he noted that the hero could not have seen 'the white porch of his home' had it been, as he had originally placed it, on the Coelian Hill; so it was accordingly transferred to the Palatine.

After his return to England, and shortly before the publication of the *Lays*, in August 1842, he was writing to his old friend Ellis with whom he had often discussed them:

It is odd that we never, in talking over this subject, remembered that, in all probability, the old Roman lays were in the Saturnian metre; and it is still more odd that my ballads should, by mere accident, be very like the Saturnian metre; quite as like indeed as suits the genius of our language. The Saturnian metre is catalectic dimeter Iambic, followed by three trochees . . . Now, oddly enough, every tetrastich, and almost every distich of my ballads opens with a catalectic dimeter Iambic line . . . I have not kept the trochees, which really would be very unpleasing to an English ear.

It is interesting that Macaulay had not, in the *Lays*, followed the obvious example of the Border ballads and adopted their metre

unchanged. From time to time he did deliberately adopt a ballad phrase. Such lines as:

> When he was aware of a princely pair
> That rode at his right hand

obviously echo:

> When he was aware of a lady fair
> Came riding down by the Eildon tree

and other similar uses of the phrase in old ballads.

But in general he had modified the traditional ballad metre to suit his theme, and his boyish glee at finding that he had hit upon something so very like Saturnian metre suggests that, in his own mind, this 'mere accident' may have been connected with the play-acting element in the composition of the poems. He had assumed the personality of an old Roman poet, and behold, he had written in the metre of an old Roman poet.

For each of the lays Macaulay invented both the character of the poet and the occasion on which the verses were composed. Thus he states in his introduction to *Horatius* that the poet, who was writing about a hundred and forty years after the events described and shortly before the capture of Rome by the Gauls:

> seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining about good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian: and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

The paragraph illustrates the learned little game that Macaulay was playing: first invent your poet, then show how his character can be deduced from his poem, which you have also invented. For the Battle of Lake Regillus, Macaulay was even more convincingly inventive. The supposed author, composing more than seventy years after the primitive bard who sang the deeds of Horatius, naturally echoes a few phrases from the older poem (as ballads echo

one another): but the later poet is altogether more sophisticated, has come under Greek influence, knows his Homer, and in the fight over the dead body of the Consul Valerius is consciously imitating the fight over the body of Patroclus. He has, says Macaulay, borrowed 'images and incidents . . . not merely without scruple but on principle from the incomparable battlepieces of Homer'. Other poets with other literary and political preoccupations were invented with equal conviction for the other two lays, *Virginius* and *The Prophecy of Capys*.

The introductions were not of course intended to deceive anyone. Macaulay's obvious and necessary purpose in writing them was to explain, as graphically as possible, the kind of man and the kind of occasion that would have brought forth such a poem; he also wished to prepare the reader for the sometimes crude and barbarous sentiments expressed in the *Lays*, and, naturally enough, to dissociate himself personally from some of these. It was only fair to himself and his readers to explain that he was not personally in sympathy with all the views that he had put into the mouths of Romans 'born three or four hundred years before the Christian era . . . and in no wise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation'.

But these inventions must also have played another and a more important part in the shaping of the lays; for it is surely this play-acting element that gives to Macaulay's verses their abounding vitality. The resonant voice which readers hear is unmistakably that of a nineteenth-century gentleman thoroughly enjoying his masquerade, but the boyish cry of 'Come on, let's pretend to be Romans' carries any willing reader rapidly into the same mood of heroic make-believe.

The outstanding virtue of Macaulay's best poetry comes from his eagerness of spirit, his immense gusto. When a subject did not inspire him, he could compose with facile competence only, but when he is carried away he has the power to carry the reader, especially the young reader, with him.

He had always found it easy to run his thoughts into rhyme and metre, and had from early youth written verses in the family

circle. For these he had invented an imaginary author, the Judicious Poet. It is not a very good name, for Macaulay is at his best in poetry when he is least judicious. At Cambridge he twice won the Chancellor's medal for an English poem, a double event which, he cheerfully asserted, proved that he must be a very bad poet. In 1819 the subject given was the promising one of Pompeii, and Macaulay brought to this early effort much of that strong visual imagination which was to characterise his later work:

> Ev'n now the sulphurous cloud
> Involves the city in its funeral shroud,
> And far along Campania's azure sky
> Expands its dark and boundless canopy.
> The Sun, through thron'd in heav'ns meridian height
> Burns red and rayless through the sickly night.

Two years later, confronted with the subject of *Evening*, a most unsuitable one to his active mind, Macaulay concocted some lines on the rising moon which suggests that he was thinking of a conventional painting rather than seeing anything anew for himself:

> Oft when along the sweet Campanian bay
> The latest flush of sunset died away,
> Th' Italian maid with reverence saw thee shine
> Silvering the purple peak of Appenine,
> And kneeling on the fragrant turf where played
> In quivering fretwork chequered light and shade,
> Beneath some vine clad elm's fantastic boughs
> Pour'd forth to thee her blessings and her vows . . .

A few lines later he ingeniously directed the subject into more congenial channels and broke into joyful descriptions of old English fireside revelry and happy evenings in the theatre.

The theatrical allusions in this early poem reveal Macaulay's essentially dramatic temperament. He conceived of poetry as he did of history in terms of personalities and action. There was nothing static in his conceptions, no tranquillity. His Italian landscape, just quoted, is not tranquil but stagnant; and this distinguishes it sharply from the memorable lines devoted to Italian

landscape in the *Lays*. In *Evening* there is one conventional figure, 'Th' Italian maid'. But in the vivid sequences on the regions and cities of Italy in *Horatius* and in *Lake Regillus*, the landscape plays its part in furious human events; it is the soil from which men are pouring forth to war. Long before the cinema Macaulay hit upon a cinematic treatment of scenery: he shows, in rapid sequence, dramatic shots of cities, mountains, plains, and thus emphasises the extent and effect of the coming conflict:

> From many a lonely hamlet
> Which, hid by beech and pine,
> Like an eagle's nest hangs o'er the crest
> Of purple Appenine;
> From lordly Volaterrae
> Where scowls the far-famed hold
> Piled by the hands of giants
> For godlike kings of old . . .

and so on through the sequence which ends 'where Cortona lifts to heaven her diadem of towers'. The sequence in *Lake Regillus* is equally dramatic:

> From Setia's purple vineyards,
> From Norba's ancient wall,
> From the white streets of Tusculum,
> The proudest town of all;
> From where the Witch's Fortress
> O'erhangs the dark blue seas;
> From the still glassy lake that sleeps
> Beneath Aricia's trees—
> Those trees in whose dim shadow
> The ghastly priest doth reign,
> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain; . . .
> From the Laurentian jungle
> The wild hog's reedy home;
> From the green steeps whence Anio leaps
> In floods of snow-white foam.

With the action and movement he is at his best. What child ever forgets the formidable advance of Lars Porsena on Rome:

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank in surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

The final charge of the Romans, led by the Great Twin Brethren at the Battle of Lake Regillus, has formidable power:

So comes the Po in flood-time
Upon the Celtic plain:
So comes the squall, blacker than night,
Upon the Adrian main.
Now by our sire Quirinus
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow,
So corn sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po.

The similes may not be particularly original but they are strong, accurate, and right for the mood of the poem. Many years before, in 1824, Macaulay had tried to describe a critical charge in two more recent battles, Ivry and Naseby. In neither of these poems does he show the same skill in striking the right similes or suggesting the irresistible force of the charge. In *Ivry* he depends largely on the pageant effect of the standards, the golden lilies, the 'cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine', above all the recurrent snow-white plume 'your oriflamme today, the helmet of Navarre'. It is an exciting rant but there is not much in it that can truly be called poetry.

The Battle of Naseby though less well known has better things in it, and the use of similes in the charge of the Ironsides faintly foreshadows *Lake Regillus*:

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

This has been carefully considered, for an English Puritan might easily have thought of a high wind in trees, or fenland floods; but the lines have not the speed and fury of *Lake Regillus*. Even so, Macaulay's less successful historical poems stand well above the level of mid-nineteenth-century verse of this kind. Thus Aytoun, inspired by the popularity of Macaulay's *Lays*, wrote a few years later his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*. They have enjoyed a certain popularity and though they are frequently sentimental and pedestrian they are lifted above the level of the commonplace by a certain genuine feeling and some very ingenious use of documentary sources. But the difference in quality between Aytoun's management of his material and Macaulay's is evident when any comparison is made. Thus Aytoun, describing the charge of the Highlanders at Killicrankie, writes:

> Like a tempest down the ridges
> Swept the hurricane of steel
> Rose the slogan of Macdonald
> Flashed the broadsword of Lochiell . . .

Like most of his verse, it depends much—too much—on the sentimental-romantic reaction of the reader to a name like 'Lochiell', and the hurricane simile is entirely out of place in the seventeenth-century Highlands. Macaulay would not have done that.

A REVIEW OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Vol. II. No. 1

The fifth number of this Review will be published on the last Monday in January 1961. It will be devoted to the Romantics and will include among its contents the following articles: 'An Incomplete Wordsworth Essay upon Moral Habits' by Geoffrey Little; 'The Meaning of Kubla Khan' by George Watson; 'Keats and the Young Lovers' by Roger Sharrock; 'Snakes in the Grass' by Katharine Garvin; 'The Fascination of Murder—De Quincey on the Knocking at the Gate' by Geoffrey Carnall; 'De Quincey as Literary Critic' by Clifford Leech; 'Guilt and Retribution in Byron's Sea Poems' by Bernard Blackstone; 'A Survey of Shelley Studies' by Geoffrey Matthews; and 'Hazlitt' by Bonamy Dobrée. The Review article will be by Peter Butter.

Two Macaulay Letters

D. CLEGHORN THOMSON

AN unpublished letter in my possession pays tribute to the good-heartedness of Lord Jeffrey as a friend of men of letters in his day. It is from Lord Macaulay accompanying a page-proof from his history—and is in answer to a request for copies of the dead judge's letters:

I have found no letters which I should choose to give to the public. Perhaps people might be interested by knowing that dear Jeffrey, a judge of seventy-four, condescended to revise the proofs of my history with all the diligence and minute care of a corrector of proofs working for bread—that he looked after the very commas and colons. I send you a specimen of his care and kindness—a single sheet. I have dozens. But the letters which accompanied these sheets do more honour to our kind old friend's heart than to his critical sagacity; and nothing shall induce me to make myself ridiculous by publishing them.

Another, longer letter is concerned with the proposition which was being canvassed in Edinburgh literary circles of having a Life of Jeffrey undertaken by some appropriate pen—which might also depict some of the other adornments of the entourage in which Scott, Cockburn and Jeffrey moved. The letter is addressed to William Empson, at that time Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*:

Albany,
London.
February 16, 1850.

Dear Empson,

I return Lord Cockburn's letter. He seems to me to be quite on the right track. If the object were to procure a dissertation like that which Stewart wrote on Robertson, many people would do it well, nobody better than yourself. But the object is to have a portrait of Jeffrey such as he was long before you and I knew him, and of that remarkable society of which he was the centre.

None but an Edinburgh man, and an old Edinburgh man can do this; and I should doubt whether there be a single competent man except Lord Cockburn.

The book which I should propose, not certainly as a faultless model but as something like a model, is Hardy's Life of Charlemont. Lord Charlemont was in Dublin, something like what Jeffrey was in Edinburgh—the centre of literary society and especially of good Whig society. Round each of these centres was collected a large number of eminent persons whose names were well known in London, but of whose characters, manners and style of conversation we were very imperfectly informal. Hardy has grouped around Lord Charlemont the figures of Hood, Grattan, Hutchinson, Tottenham and twenty others. I think that Cockburn might group round Jeffrey the Erskines, Playfairs, Cranstouns, Leslies and others.

There might above all to be a lively picture of that set of men who started the E.R.—their habits, their amusements, their studies. To a certain extent even their levities might properly be exhibited.

As to letters, there can be no doubt that plenty will be forthcoming. The difficulty will be to select. I should advise that no letter should be printed which did not contain some indication of our dear friend's genius or his excellent heart.

So although some English bards may have trembled in anticipation of their reception by some Scottish reviewers, it is pleasant to realise how real was the warmth of the relations between the great historian and essayist, and the eminent Scottish literary judge.

A REVIEW OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Vol. II, Nos. 2 and 3

The sixth number of this Review, which will be published on the last Monday in April 1961, will include articles on James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Samuel Butler, L. H. Myers, Evelyn Waugh, on Law Reports as Sources of English Prose, and on Children's Books. The number for July will be given to Dickens, the guest editor being John Butt.

NOTES TO ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATE I reproduces a page of a letter from Macaulay to his sister before sailing for India, listing the books he will take to read on the voyage. In a letter to T. F. Ellis from Ootacamund, dated 1 July 1834, Macaulay writes: 'I read insatiably; the Iliad and Odyssey, Virgil, Horace, Caesar's Commentaries, Bacon de Augmentis, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Don Quixote, Gibbon's Rome, Mill's India, all the seventy volumes of Voltaire, Sismondi's History of France, and the seven thick folios of the Biographia Britannica.'

PLATE II reproduces half a page (same size) from a Longmans ledger and shows the account for the 'Peoples Edition' of Macaulay's *Essays* for the year 1854–55. From a note at the head of the page it appears that, on 9 February 1854, the publishers agreed with the author to share the profits equally with him and to account for the 52 numbers at 1*d.* each, whether these were sold separately, or in parts, or in two octavo volumes at a retail price of 8*s.* The first eight numbers were published on 24 February at 1½*d.* each (or 1*s.* per part) and the last eight on 15 August. To the end of May about 230,000 were sold of the thirty numbers already on the market and the return was short of the outlay by the £88. 14*s.* 7*d.* shown as the first item on the debit side of the account illustrated. In spite of this Macaulay received £714. 14*s.* 8*d.* for 1854–55, the first full year after publication. The only other items to which attention should be drawn are the debits in October and April for the percentages charged at the autumn and spring trade sales at the Coffee House. The *Essays* were available in numbers and parts for seven more years; by 1862 close on two million numbers had been sold and had earned £2,227 for each of the partners in the venture. It must be remembered that during the same period there were three other editions of the *Essays* on the market: in 3 volumes, foolscap octavo, at 21*s.*; in 1 volume, square crown octavo, at 21*s.* in cloth or at 30*s.* in calf; and a library edition, in 3 volumes, octavo, at 36*s.*

PLATE III reproduces a page of Macaulay's journal-letters to his sister Margaret in which he describes his first impressions of India. He describes here the landing at Madras.

Plates I and III are reproduced by kind permission of the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge.

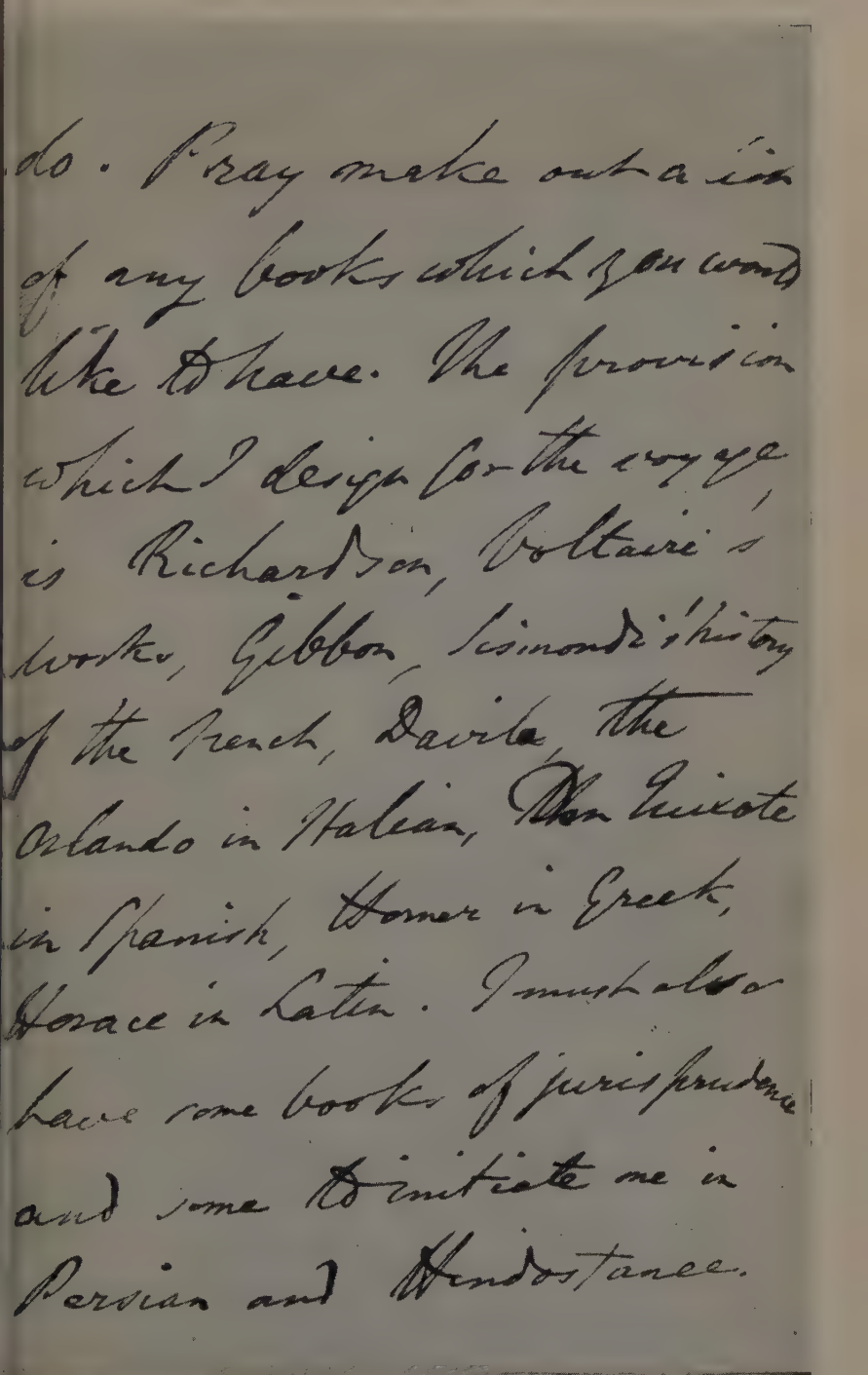
do. Pray make out a list
of any books which you would
like to have. The provision
which I design for the voyage
is Richardson, Voltaire's
works, Gibbon, Sismondi's history
of the French, Davila, the
Orlando in Italian, Don Quixote
in Spanish, Homer in Greek,
Horace in Latin. I must also
have some books of jurisprudence
and some to initiate me in
Persian and Hindostanee.

Plate I. *Letter from Macaulay to his sister Hannah.*

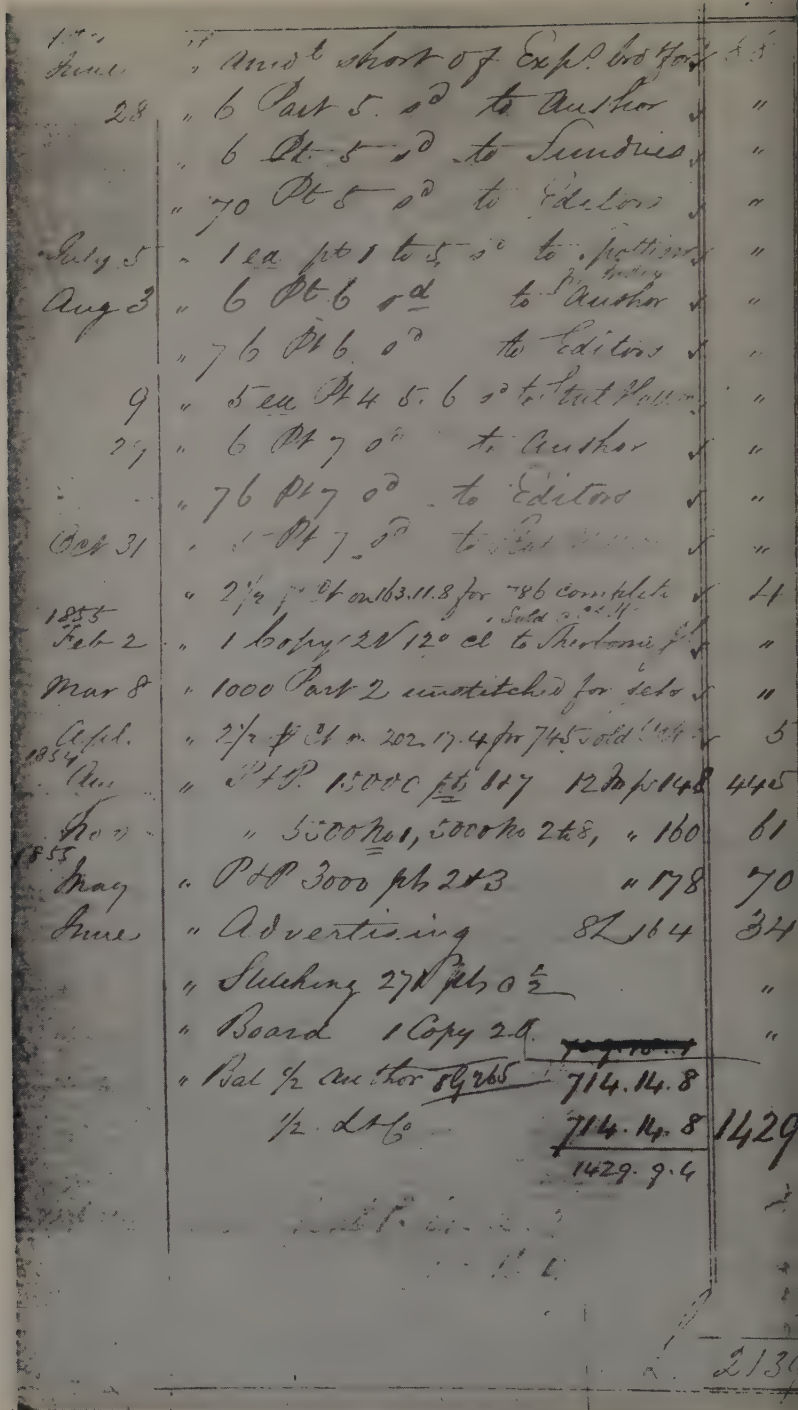

Plate II. Page from a Longman's ledger.

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2	4808	5000	2	2318	7188	
3	4757	5000	2	2518	7237	
4	4897	5000	2	2647	7248	
5	4905	5000	2	2644	7259	
6	4906	5000	2	2678	7226	
7	4929	5000	2	2682	7245	
8	4958	5000	2	2713	7243	
9	7112	3000	2	2930	7180	
10	7108	3000	2	2928	7178	
11	7164	3000	2	2966	7196	
12	7158	3000	2	2957	7199	
13	7147	3000	2	2956	7189	
14	7137	3000	2	2942	7193	
15	7150	3000	2	2948	7200	
16	8127	3000	2	3808	7317	
17	8116	3000	2	3781	7333	
18	8182	3000	2	3830	7350	
19	8348	3000	2	3868	7528	
20	8348	3000	2	3859	7487	
21	8348	3000	2	3867	7479	
22	8348	3000	2	3860	7486	
23	8348	3000	2	3854	7492	
24	9157		7	1213	7937	
25	9157		7	1226	7924	
26	9157		7	1230	7920	
27	9157		7	1225	7925	
28	9157		7	1241	7909	
29	9157		7	1221	7929	
30	9157		7	1246	7904	
31	15000		89	1572	13339	
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33	15000		89	1556	13355	
34	15000		89	1571	13340	
35	15000		89	1570	13341	
36	15000		89	1567	13344	
37	15000		89	1572	13339	
38	——	15000	88	1720	13192	
39	——	15000	88	1725	13187	
40	——	15000	88	1723	13189	
41	——	15000	88	1729	13183	
42	——	15000	88	1729	13183	
43	——	15000	88	1720	13192	
44	——	15000	88	1723	13189	
45	——	15000	88	1811	13111	
46	——	15000	88	1827	13085	
47	——	15000	88	1816	13096	
48	——	15000	88	1831	13081	
49	——	15000	88	1829	13083	
50	——	15000	88	1820	13092	
51	——	15000	88	1839	13073	
52	——	15000	88	1824	13088	
	322947	310500	2038	117960	513449	2139 7

being close to the sea like Brighton, we
were anchoring about a mile or a mile &
a half from the town. The effect was very
striking. Great white masses of building scat-
tered amidst a rich luxuriance of the darkest verdure
grew. The sun was just about to rise. The moon
was still above the horizon. We saw no sign of life

At last a catamaran was discerned amidst
the waves. Do you know what a catamaran is?
It is simply a raft composed of three
three long pieces of wood together. We left
the fishermen of Madras behind us on the sea in
all weathers in defiance of winds, waves & sharks.
The appearance of the little black boatman, beat-
ing the tempestuous sea, paddle in one hand to
the elements & a dark cloud the bird-
glimpse that caught of the people among
whom I am to live. He came on board with
nothing on but a painted yellow cloth, and
hailed among us with a white-person-civility
which ended with his showing his teeth so
heavily made me die of laughing.

In the meantime we had given no notice by dis-
play of the name of our ship, known how to arrive
and from a frigate which lay in the roads;
from the shore. I now learned that I had
been very impatiently expected. Lord William
Bentinck is at present in the mountains
beyond Bangalore, having prevented by ill health
from leaving them for some time. He determ-
ined to hold the Supreme Council there. But

Plate III. Page from Macaulay's Journal from India to his sister Margaret.

Macaulay: The Indian Years 1834–38

ERIC STOKES

THE 'most important circumstance' and 'what in many respects was the most honourable chapter of his life'. Sir George Trevelyan's estimate of the importance of the brief Indian episode in Macaulay's life is at first sight puzzling. All the evidence would seem to point in the other direction. So far from India touching him deeply it had remarkably little outward effect. From the outset he regarded his stay in the East as a distasteful but temporary exile, to be endured for the sake of relieving his family's financial distress and securing for himself a modest independent income for life. He made no attempt to come to terms with Indian life, to see the country, study its culture, or become closely acquainted with its educated classes. In the hours when he was free from official duties as law member of the Governor-General's Council, he avoided society and withdrew to the seclusion of his library. There he continued to write for the *Edinburgh Review* in the same genre and style as if he had never quitted his chamber in Gray's Inn. But the flow was much reduced, only the two essays on Mackintosh and Bacon standing to the credit of the Indian period.

It is not surprising that his critics should regard these as the wasted years and grudge the diversion of his energies to legislative-drafting and minute writing during that period of his life when his health was unbroken and his intellectual powers were at their prime. The diversion was not offset by any lasting new intellectual interest or influence. Despite the enjoyment and enthusiasm he had shown for the work of codification and law reform he dropped all connection with the subject on leaving India. In particular there

was no compensating enlargement of his imaginative experience. This at least was Bagehot's conclusion. In a review that came out in 1856 he drew attention to Macaulay's singular unresponsiveness to the East:

> You could never tell from any difference in his style what he had seen, or what he had not seen. He is so insensible to passing objects, that they leave no distinctive mark, no intimate peculiar trace.

Bagehot contrasted the celebrated speech Macaulay delivered on India in 1833 with that which he gave twenty years later. Of the first he said it was 'difficult to fancy that so much vivid knowledge could be gained from books and from horrible Indian treatises; that such imaginative mastery should be possible without actual experience'. But the second, despite Macaulay's stay in India, showed no different view; 'the years brought no influence, experience no change . . .' From this Bagehot built up his theory of Macaulay's 'inexperiencing nature', of what he called the rare combination of 'a flowing fancy with an insensible organisation'. He drew the picture of an essentially bookish man, unresponsive to his surroundings, incapable of engaging his emotions in the immediate life about him, and living at second-hand through the medium of the printed page.

Later accretions have added to this picture. Cotter Morison (in the *English Men of Letters* Series) emphasised his indifference to nature, and used the example of his voracious classical reading at Calcutta in 1835 to illustrate a want of intellectual discrimination and purpose. Macaulay's eulogy of useful knowledge and material progress, stated most baldly in the *Essay on Bacon* written in Calcutta in 1836, completes the stock image to which Matthew Arnold appropriately supplied the caption, 'the great apostle of the Philistines'.

One notices at once how much weight is placed on the Indian years and how easily the portrait passes into caricature. There is good reason, however, to consider his Indian period as far from representative of his character as a whole. It is true that at thirty-four, with his mind formed and his tastes set, he was unlikely to make

much response to Oriental literature and philosophy. He had been brought up in an intellectual and moral climate that stamped him with what G. M. Young saw as the note of the Evangelical mind, 'introspection within a closed circle of experience'. The Clapham Sect—Charles Grant, Teignmouth and Wilberforce—had looked on Hindu civilisation as an unclean thing, and James Mill in his *History of British India* had reinforced their *odium theologicum* with the sanction of utilitarian rationalism. The ringing declaration in his education minute of 1835 that 'a single shelf of a good European library was worth more than the whole native literature of India and Arabia' sprang from inbred conviction. But Macaulay was in no sense odd in his views. He was merely delivering in his excessively confident and assertive manner the opinion shared by educated Englishmen of his time. His indifference to the contemporary scene and his physical surroundings looks stranger. Only a practised eye can detect that the essays on Clive and Warren Hastings were written by a man who had actually visited India, who had ridden through Arcot and gazed on the ruins of Seringapatam. But this is untypical. Normally he took great pains to paint in his local colour thickly, and any peculiarity in this respect may plausibly be attributed to the overwhelming personal experience which he underwent at the beginning of 1835—an experience which drove him back within himself and made him blind to everything but his work and his books.

Before dealing with this experience which decisively altered the balance of his life and constitutes the real importance of the Indian years, it will be necessary to look more closely at his character. While Bagehot is perhaps the most perceptive of Macaulay's critics, he wrote before Trevelyan's biography appeared and so was unaware of the striking contrast between the public and the private man, of the almost feminine tenderness and sensibility that lay concealed behind the essentially masculine, forceful and hard-hitting front that Macaulay displayed to the world. He had a more complicated personality than most critics have been prepared to acknowledge who see no farther than the

genial, open-faced, rather smug *simplificateur*, whose career was bathed in the unbroken sunshine of literary triumph. Why, one wonders, did Macaulay never marry? The straightforward explanation would be that he suppressed his inclination in order to restore his family's finances, and that when at last his Indian appointment and a legacy from his uncle put them in easy circumstances he had grown too old and too set in bachelor ways to consider marriage as a practical possibility. Yet the passionate attachment which he showed from quite early in life for his sisters, Margaret and Hannah, suggests there may have been a more complex explanation.

When Bagehot spoke of Macaulay's 'impassive nature' and of his 'sensibility and coldness' he was unaware of the emotional tension that seems to have existed in Macaulay's personality and out of which his work—at least indirectly—sprang. Although not of an artistic nature he lived intensely on his own inner resources. In his biography he gives the impression of an essentially lonely man who craved some form of spiritual companionship but whose personality was too walled in for deep personal friendships. Reading gave the deepest satisfaction to his nature but rather as an imaginative escape than as food for introspection. He always shunned being alone with his own thoughts, never walked without a book in hand, and even when crossing the Irish Sea at night spent his time repeating *Paradise Lost* from memory. It would seem that one part of his nature was deeply, even childishly emotional, and that he sought to contain it by giving his powerful intellect a cold, strongly masculine character. For health of mind he had to think and act in an extrovert manner. Incapable of controlling the emotion aroused by even a trashy novel, unable to sit a horse properly, or to use a razor without cutting himself, he was driven to spend his imaginative and active life in the masculine world. In war and the martial virtues he found many of his ideals, but especially where courage was combined with intellect as in his heroes, William III, Clive and Warren Hastings, their 'noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either'. It was appropriate that his literary

style should be cast in the Augustan mould. While disparaging the artificial style of the age of Johnson and like Addison believing that plain statement and the occasional homely phrase were necessary to preserve the correct relation between literature and life, he clearly accepted the Augustan canon. He looked on writing, not as a direct instrument for personal feeling, but as a social form expressing a collective, impersonal view. In this sense it is truer to charge him with a 'dissociation of sensibility' than with a cold, impassive nature.

Before he went to India the success of his early career kept him happily engaged in an active public and social life. Between 1831 and 1834 he dined out almost nightly and passed most week-ends at one of the great Whig country houses. There was little sign of the scholarly recluse that was to return from India. Inwardly perhaps timid over deep personal relations he fell back on those supplied by nature, and found sufficient happiness in the companionship of his sisters. But his eager, boyish character had already had a shadow cast over it which Trevelyan says was never completely erased. The defences built around his suppressed emotional life were for a moment torn aside in 1832. In the midst of his election victory at Leeds he learned of his sister Margaret's engagement, and the prospect of separation from her struck him with all the force of a bereavement. He replied at once to his other sister, Hannah:

> Dearest, dearest sister, you alone are left to me. Whom have I on earth but thee. But for you in the midst of all these successes, I should wish that I were lying by poor Hyde Villiers. But I cannot go on . . .

Hannah agreed to accompany him to the East. In the first few months after his arrival in June 1834 he plunged eagerly into the new experience that India offered. So far from indifference he took a vigorous interest and delight in the surroundings:

> But to be in such a land! The dark faces, with white turbans and flowing robes: the trees not our trees: the very smell of the atmosphere that of a hot-house, and the architecture as strange as the vegetation.

To Margaret he addressed long journal letters full of animated description of the Indian scene.

In December of 1834 the flow of spirits ceased abruptly and was never resumed. The great crisis of his life had come upon him. In that month Hannah announced her forthcoming marriage to the young Charles Trevelyan. Although it was arranged that the young couple would share Macaulay's house, he could not conceal his distress. He wrote to Margaret:

> What I have myself felt it is unnecessary to say. My parting from you almost broke my heart. But when I parted from you I had Nancy [Hannah]: I had also my other relations: I had my friends: I had my country. Now I have nothing except the resources of my own mind . . . I have neglected the plainest lessons of reason and experience. . . I have hewn out broken cisterns; I have leant on a reed; I have built on the sand; and I have fared accordingly. I must bear my punishment as I can . . .

Trevelyan at this point quotes a letter which suggests that the decisive shift in Macaulay's character had already begun. Hitherto, although his life had always been shared between politics and literature, there was every indication that politics would absorb the greater part of his ambition. Grief and a need to escape from present reality now drove him back into the imaginative world of literature:

> My intellect remains and is likely, I sometimes think, to absorb the whole man. I still retain (not only undiminished, but strengthened by the very events which have deprived me of everything else) my thirst for knowledge; my power of forgetting what surrounds me, and of living with the past, the future, the distant, and the unreal. Books are becoming everything to me. If I had at this moment my choice of life, I would bury myself in one of those immense libraries we saw together at the universities, and never pass a waking hour without a book before me.

The final catastrophe had still to come. The newly wedded pair had barely left on their honeymoon when he heard from England of Margaret's death in childbirth. It took him almost a year to master the torrent of grief that engulfed him. For salvation he turned to work but found the true anodyne in literature. This was the year of omnivorous, indiscriminate reading of the classics that

Cotter Morison held against him. To prevent some sort of breakdown he felt it imperative to keep his mind constantly employed on some intellectual pursuit, whether legislative drafting or scribbling marginal comments in his books.

Nine months afterwards he wrote to his family that he was so much altered that he hardly knew himself, that he had no resources but in his own mind, and that by passing without a moment's interruption from business to books he contrived to make existence endurable, but did not expect ever to find it more than endurable. The experience seems to have decided him to make literature the main occupation of his life. Already in December 1835 he was writing to his friend, T. F. Ellis, of his plan for a great historical work:

> The tremendous blow which fell on me at the beginning of this year has left marks behind it which I shall carry to the grave. Literature has saved my life and my reason. Even now, I dare not, in the intervals of business, remain alone for a moment without a book in my hand. What my course of life will be, when I return to England, is very doubtful. But I am more than half determined to abandon politics, and to give myself wholly to letters; to undertake some great historical work which may be at once the business and amusement of my life . . .

By the time he returned to England in 1838 the plan of his *History* had taken shape, and in July he was writing to Napier that the first part would extend from the Revolution to the beginning of Walpole's administration. This was the fruit of the Indian years. He went out as a rising politician with a literary bent, boyish in spirit and delighting to mix in society. He returned dedicated to a retiring scholarly life, a confirmed bachelor, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

The redoubled necessity of keeping his emotion under rigid control was bound to affect the character of his literary work. He had to assert the sovereignty of reason and common sense, to turn his gaze firmly outward, to repress indulgence in private grief and to employ his talents in some useful service to society. The effort which this course demanded constitutes the true nobility of Macaulay's character but such forcing of his thought against the

natural grain gave his writing something of an artificial and paradoxical note.

This can be seen in the first task that he undertook after his great sorrow had quietened. In the *Essay on Bacon* he deliberately assailed the literature and philosophy of humanism in order to extol the tangible benefits of useful knowledge and modern scientific thought. Yet it is clearly impossible to take at its face value the deliberate philistinism of a man who had lately confessed that literature had saved his reason and his life, and who at the opening of his essay had acknowledged his debt to the 'great minds of former ages', those friends who had 'stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude'. The *History* bears the same mark of paradox. While his imagination revelled in the past he tried to enforce the opposite moral. At the beginning of the *History* he said he hoped his study would demolish the notion of a golden age in the past and show that English history since the Revolution had exhibited a continuous moral and material progress. This is more than simply the platitudes of the Whig interpretation or a tract for the times to combat the revolutionary tendencies of the hungry forties. It embodies his tried conviction of the need to keep life under the steady control of reason and common sense and to prevent it from falling prey to the hallucinations of the imagination. The deliberate preference for England in 1850 rather than 1750 or 1650 did not spring from a blind complacency or innate philistinism but from a hard-won unnatural subjection of his imaginative and aesthetic sense to his intellect.

His official labours as law member, particularly his share in framing the Indian penal code, have their importance in Indian history, as well as perhaps strengthening the terse directness of his literary style. But he stands out pre-eminently as the embodiment of the liberal mind of his age. His philosophy of history and politics had been expressed in his great speech on parliamentary reform of 16 December 1831, and he approached the Indian problem with the same assumptions. His liberalism (as well as his so-called philistinism) lay in the recognition of the power,

inevitable progress and therefore providential character of the rising forces of the century. Property and intelligence were constantly being redistributed by forces beyond human control, and in the end political power must follow in their wake.

To Macaulay the art of politics was to achieve this process of adjustment peacefully. The key was to be found in establishing conditions of free competition in which natural superiority would find its way unimpeded to the directing position in society. Although none was more susceptible imaginatively to the appeal of military glory and imperial power his intellect told him that if those led to the rule of an exclusive minority maintained solely by force, an artificial restriction was being imposed. As he saw it, British rule in India was in the last analysis inconsequential. Given open competitive conditions with all barriers removed India would be drawn of its own free will into the economy of the Western world and into the orbit of Western ideas and institutions. To deny Westernisation, particularly English higher education, because of the political dangers to British rule would be 'a doting wisdom'. If in the course of time a demand was raised for political freedom on the English model, it would mean that the process of modernisation had proceeded far enough to dispense with the bonds of political subjection. But the scientific, intellectual and moral empire would remain, for this was the empire 'exempt from all natural causes of decay . . . the imperishable empire of our arts and our morals, our literature and our laws'. The true progress of history and the true interests of Britain depended not on brute force but the march of mind. To extend the area of modern civilisation was at the same time to extend the market for British trade. 'To trade with civilised men is infinitely more profitable than to govern savages.' The argument stated in bold outline in his Indian Charter speech of 10 July 1833, and pointed more exactly in his education minute of 1835, received its full elaboration in his brother-in-law's pamphlet *The Education of the Indian People* (1838). In its shrewd blend of altruism and self-interest it represented the permanent political instinct of British colonial policy.

For twenty years after leaving India he enjoyed ease and tranquillity, and then at the end of his days India again laid bare the buried stream of his emotions. The Mutiny of 1857 agitated him violently. 'The Indian troubles,' he wrote in his journal, 'have affected my spirits more than any public events in the whole course of my life.' India dealt him the final blow. In 1859 his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Trevelyan, accepted the governorship of Madras. The prospect of parting from his sister Hannah and her daughter Alice was too much for a constitution already seriously impaired by ill-health. He tried the old anodyne of reading and redoubled his application to his *History*, but he found 'this prolonged parting, this slow sipping of the vinegar and the gall—is terrible'. Trevelyan says: 'The future was indeed dark before him; but God who had so blessed him, dealt kindly with him even to the end, and his burden was not permitted to be greater than his strength could bear.' He died on 28 December 1859.

Crete

The floors of your palaces mirror the depths of the sea,
With delight of dolphins and azure flying fish,
Translucent playground of the children of Poseidon.

Slim flying acrobats of the sacred games,
You play with what you worship, the heavy bull
Who carried Europa on his back out of the sea.

And holding the curled auricular shell to your ear,
You listened to the far winding of the sea, echo
Of the lost antediluvian day of Atlantis.

Philip Henderson

Wyatt Poems in a Dublin Manuscript

KENNETH MUIR

LAST autumn, while on a visit to Trinity College, Dublin, I was shown by Mr. William O'Sullivan, the Assistant in charge of MSS., a sixteenth-century manuscript which had once been in Archbishop Ussher's library and had come into the possession of the college in 1666. The first poem I read appeared to be in the style of Sir Thomas Wyatt and another one I recognised as his. As an editor of Wyatt's poems, I was naturally interested; but I did not realise the full importance of the manuscript until I had time to study the photostats which I obtained a few weeks later. The discovery was even more exciting than I had hoped; for the manuscript contains not a mere handful of Wyatt's poems which I could collate with those printed in my edition, but no less than thirty-three poems in texts which, in many cases, were greatly superior to those previously available and used by Nott, Foxwell and myself in our editions. I have given some account of the importance of these new versions of known Wyatt poems elsewhere.[1] The manuscript also contains two of Surrey's poems, one printed by Tottel as anonymous. But, what was still more important, it contains a collection of more than seventy poems, written between 1530 and 1550, which add considerably to our knowledge of the poetry of the reign of Henry VIII. Some of the poems appear, on the evidence of style, to be by Wyatt himself, and if they are his they comprise the only important addition to the canon since Nott used the Egerton and Devonshire manuscripts for his edition of 1816.

But, of course, style is apt to be a subjective criterion of authorship. Good as many of the poems were, they might conceivably

[1] *T.L.S.* (1960), p. 328.

be by an unknown imitator of genius. It was obviously desirable to look for other evidence of Wyatt's authorship. Only one of the thirty-three known Wyatt poems is ascribed to him in the manuscript, though these include fifteen of the certainly authentic poems in the Egerton manuscript. The fact that only two of the unpublished poems are ascribed to Wyatt is therefore not an indication that others are not his. One of the poems[1]—one of the feeblest in the whole collection—is signed T.W.:

Lyue thowe gladly, yff so thowe may;
Pyne thou not in loukynge for me;
Syns that dispayr hathe shut thy wey,
Thoue to see me, or I to see the.

Make thoue a vertue of a constreynte;
Deme no faulte wer non ys wourthy;
Myn ys to muche, what nedes thy playnt?
God he knoythe who ys for me.

Cast apon the Lorde thy cuer,
Prey ounto hym thy cause to urge;
Beleuye, and he shall send recur:
Vayne ys all trust of mans refuge.

Something has gone wrong with the eighth line: the manuscript reads *ys me for me*. But even if we could recover what Wyatt wrote, such a poem would hardly be worth printing if it had not been signed. Another poem, which I have printed elsewhere,[2] has the following inscription, though not in Wyatt's hand:

.V. Innocentia
Veritas Viat Fides
Circumderunt me inimici mei.

This is apparently a declaration by Wyatt of his innocence, and a complaint with the psalmist that his enemies encompassed him round about. Wyatt was imprisoned on three occasions, and on two of these he was seriously in danger—at the time of the execution of Ann Boleyn in 1536, and, after Thomas Cromwell's

[1] The poems are printed here by kind permission of the Board of Trinity College, Dublin.

[2] *The London Magazine*, March 1960.

execution, in 1541. It is apparent from the poem itself that it relates to the earlier of these occasions. Wyatt speaks of his youth departing as the result of the bloody days he had lived through—more appropriate to 1536 than to 1541—and he tells us what he had learned 'out of a grate'. He said farewell to Cromwell on the scaffold and was not himself imprisoned until some months later; but in 1536, from his cell in the Tower of London, he is said to have watched the execution of Ann Boleyn and of the young men with whom she was alleged to have committed adultery, some of whom had been Wyatt's friends.[1] The poem takes its refrain from Wyatt's favourite Latin poet, Seneca, and the imagery of the first two stanzas is derived from the same chorus in the *Phaedra*:

Who lyst his welthe and eas Retayne,
Hym selffe let hym vnknowne contayne;
  Presse not to ffast in at that gatte
Wher the Retorne standes by desdayne:
  For sure, *circa Regna tonat.*

The hye montaynis ar blastyd oft,
When the lowe vaylye ys myld and soft;
  Ffortune with helthe stondis at debate;
The ffall ys grevous ffrome Aloffte:
  And sure, *circa Regna tonat.*

These blodye dayes haue brokyn my hart;
My lust, my youth dyd then departe,
  And blynd desyer of astate;
Who hastis to clyme sekes to reuerte:
  Of truthe, *circa Regna tonat.*

The bell towre showed me suche syght
That in my hed stekys day and nyght;
  Ther dyd I lerne out of a grate,
Ffor all vauore, glory or myght
  That yet *circa Regna tonat.*

[1]Cf. *Crónica del Rey Enrico* (1874), p. 88. She was accused with the following: Brereton, Smeaton, Norris, Weston and Rochford but Henry with pardonable exaggeration said there were a hundred!

By proffe, I say, ther dyd I lerne:
Wyt helpythe not deffence to yerne,
Of innocence to pled or prate;
Ber low therffor, geve god the sterne,
Ffor sure *circa Regna tonat.*

Another poem in the manuscript was written at the same time. It is an elegy on George Boleyn, Lord Rochford, Henry Norris, Francis Weston, William Brereton and Mark Smeaton, who were all executed. The poet, who was probably Wyatt, writes of each of the victims in turn, after replying to the criticism that traitors do not deserve to be lamented:

Thoughe some perchaunce wyll saye of crewell hart,
A trators dethe why shuld we thus bemone?
But I, Alas, set this offence apart,
Must nedis bewayle the dethe of some begonn.

He admits that Rochford was too proud, but speaks of his 'gryt wytte'. He weeps for Norris:

That ys bewayled in court on euery syde;

He speaks of Weston with obvious affection:

A! Weston, Weston, that pleasant was and yonge;
In actyve thynges who myght with the compayre?
All wordis exsept (*sc.* accept) that thou dydst speake with tonge;
So well estemyd with eche where thou dydyst fare.

Brereton he speaks of as 'one that lest I knewe'. Mark Smeaton, the only one of the five who confessed, is lamented last, and he alone is addressed by his Christian name, perhaps because he was only a musician:

A! Mark, what mone shuld I ffor the mak more,
Syns that thy dethe thou hast deseruyd best,
Save only that myn eye ys ffarsyd sore
With petus playnt to mone the with the rest? . . .

And thus ffarwell eche one in hartye wyse!
The Axe ys home, your hedys be in the street;
The trykklyngge tearys dothe ffall so from my yes,
I skarse may wryt, my paper ys so wet.

These two poems go far to explain the sudden change in Wyatt's appearance between the date of the Holbein portrait and that of the later portrait (in the National Portrait Gallery), bald and prematurely aged. The tone of the poems is similar to others not included in the Egerton MS.:

> Syghes ar my foode, drynke are my teares;
> Clynkinge of fetters suche musycke wolde crave;
> Stynke and close ayer away my lyf wears:
> Innocencie is all the hope I have . . .
>
> Mallice assaulted that rightiousnes should have.
>
> Like as the byrde in the cage enclosed,
> The dore vnsparred and the hawke without,
> Twixte deth and prison piteously oppressed,
> Whether for to chose standith in dowt . . .
>
> Stond who so list vpon the Slipper toppe
> Of courtes estates, and lett me heare reioyce;
> And vse me quyet without lett or stoppe,
> Vnknowen in courte, that hath suche brackishe ioyes . . .

It has usually been assumed that these poems were written during Wyatt's imprisonment in 1541; but in view of the two Dublin poems it is equally possible that they were written in 1536.

The poems in the manuscript, though written in several different hands, are arranged in approximately alphabetical order, the initial letter of the first line of each poem being written at the top; and there is part of an index of first lines in one of the hands. Space has been left in the index for additions, and many of the poems listed are missing from the manuscript, including one of Wyatt's. The only plausible explanation of these facts is that someone made a collection of poems by Wyatt, Surrey and others, the poems written on loose sheets, perhaps acquired at different times. Some mistakes were made when the poems were arranged in alphabetical order, by their initial letters. One poem which begins 'Ffortune what ayleth the?' is prefixed with an R, and some poems

have been written on blank spaces underneath the alphabetically arranged poems and on the verso. Perhaps these were added after the sheets were bound.

It is fairly certain that the compiler of the manuscript was a friend or acquaintance of Wyatt and Surrey, and it is not difficult to guess who he was. In the printed catalogue of manuscripts in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, this manuscript (now D.2.7.) is said to contain poems by G.B. and John Taylor. On the evidence of the handwriting, John Taylor appears to be a later owner of the manuscript, and he contributed nothing but doodling and doggerel. G.B. is another matter. There are two poems and a fragment by him, and two other poems, which are written in the same handwriting and manifestly by the same author, are signed B.G. The identity of B.G. is revealed by a fragment of a memorandum early in the manuscript (f. 61^{r}) which states that 'I George Blagge gentleman' had paid some money to a Rochester man on 26 November 1546 'for mysterys Whytte sumtyme one of the Abbey and monastery of Dart(ford)'. This refers to Elizabeth Whyte who was a Dominican nun in the convent at Dartford. When the convent was dissolved in 1539 she received a pension of 100s. Now Rochester is not far from Allington Castle where Wyatt lived. We know, moreover, a good deal about Sir George Blagge (or Blage). He was the son of Sir Robert Blage, Baron of Exchequer; he was born in 1512 and educated at Cambridge. He was a gentleman of the Privy Chamber in Henry VIII's reign, and he sat as a member of Parliament from 1545 until his death in 1551. He figures in Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* because he was condemned to be burnt at the stake for heresy in 1546 and he was only saved by the interposition of the King. When he presented himself at court after his release Henry greeted him with his nickname: 'Ah, Pig!' Blage replied: 'Yea, if your majesty had not been better to me than your bishops were, your pig had been roasted ere this time.'[1] Before his release, and while he was expecting martyrdom, Blage wrote a long poem which is a confession of faith (f. 101). It begins:

[1] Foxe, *op. cit.* (1846), V. 564.

A voyce I haue and yk a will to wayle,
And from my yes salt teers adoun doo rounne;
My wyt I want, mi sensis aul doo fayle,
My brethe it feintes, my hart I feel it dounne.
Yff I dye not while that these wourdes I speke,
What so I sey to simpel shawl apeyr,
The Cawse so gret, the pleynt alas so week.

He goes on to complain that

Our gides haue erd and walkd out of the wey,
And we bi them full crafftely ar trapt,
Whom thei swold lede they driue out of arey.
The liueinge wourd, the bred of lyffe from us
Bi mite hande extortid haue thees men,
Feinynge as tho yt weer food dangerus,
And for godes wet (*sc.* wheat) feid us wythe byshopes bren.

Thus doo thei syft the chaffe from the good corne,
The bad thei kype, the best thro out of door;
Theer sely flok lo thus thei mok and skorne,
Pinchinge from us to peint theer purpel wour (*sc.* whore).

At the end of the poem Blage resigns himself to his fate:

And I O Lord into they handes do yeild
My faythefull soul apoynted now of The,
This lyffe to leue thoro fier of Smythefield.

Blage survived into Edward VI's reign and he gave evidence at Stephen Gardiner's trial, though he showed no signs of wishing to have his revenge. Another of his poems in the manuscript (signed B.G.) is entitled 'A remembrance of the dethe of the vertuous Lady Quiene Kateryne dowager Lat wyffe of the Lorde Thomas Seymor Vncle to the Kynge hys maiestie'. Queen Katherine died in 1548. There are two other Blage poems in the manuscript, one beginning:

Ryd of bondage free from kaer seven yeres space and more,

and the other:

Let the hethen whyche trust not in the Lorde.

Neither is worth printing for its literary merits.[1] Blage's only other known poem, published by Nott in his edition of Surrey's poems, is a savage epitaph on Lord Wriothesley who died in 1550.[2] This is not in the Dublin manuscript.

Leland speaks of Blage as one of Wyatt's friends, *Ingenio Blagi delectabatur acuto*, though there is nothing in Blage's verse to suggest that he had any poetical talents.[3] Surrey dedicated one of his metrical psalms to him, though there is evidence that they quarrelled before Surrey's trial and execution.[4] We know that he was with Wyatt in Spain and that he accompanied Surrey to France in 1543 to take part in the siege of Landrecy.[5] He was therefore in a good position to collect poems by the two best poets of the age.

Many of the poems in Blage's manuscript are as likely to be Wyatt's as most of those in the Devonshire manuscript, in which few of the poems are signed. Its compiler is unknown, and he may have been less intimate with Wyatt than Blage is known to have been. The known Wyatt poems collected by Blage, if my hypothesis is sound, appear in three different hands, and many of the other poems in the same three hands can, I believe, be ascribed to him or to a brilliant imitator of his work. But one has only to read the poems of the period in Tottel's *Songes and Sonnettes*, or in any good modern anthology which has drawn on manuscript collections, to see that Blage's opportunities were greater, or his taste finer, than those of the compilers of the other MSS. There may have been men writing at the time whose best poems were as good as Wyatt's and who wrote in his characteristic styles; but their work has not elsewhere survived and it is surely easier to believe that Blage collected poems by his friend.

Wyatt, as many critics have recognised, was a very repetitive poet; and it is significant that many words and phrases of which

[1] The poems will be found on ff. 124, 152, 177.

[2] Cf. Nott (ed. Surrey), p. xcvii.

[3] Cf. Nott (ed. Wyatt), p. cv.

[4] Froude, *History* (1898), IV. 217–18.

[5] Cf. Nott (ed. Surrey), Ap. xxxviii. (ed. Wyatt), pp. 296, 305, 345.

he was fond re-appear in the poems of the Blage MS. They include the following: 'borne in hand', 'increasing my smart', 'frendes euyn as before', 'Thancked be fortune', 'causers of this strife', 'ffalsed ffayth', 'newfanglednes', 'redresse my smart', 'knyt the knot', 'slept the knot', 'stedfast ffayth'. Many of the poems, moreover, are written in Wyatt's favourite stanza-forms, including some which he seems to have invented. He sometimes begins a stanza with the last words of the previous one (e.g. ed. Muir No. 121). In one of the poems in the Blage MS. the same device is used:

> And how soon Deth wyll pers my brest
> I doo not know.
> I doo not know . . .

In another poem he uses a Latin word to begin a stanza and then repeats it in the refrain:

> In eternum I was ons determed
> For to have lovid and my minde affermed,
> That with my herte it shuld be confermed
> In eternum.

One of the unpublished poems has the same characteristic:

> Quondam was I in my Ladys gras,
> I thynk as well as nou be you;
> And when that you haue trad the tras,
> Then shall you kno my woordes be tru,
> That quondam was I.

Wyatt translated or adapted a number of epigrams, and this one on Dido (derived ultimately from Ausonius, but probably through an intermediate source) is very much in his style:

> Dydo am I, the fownder first of Cartage,
> That as thou seyst my nowne deth do procuer
> To saue my fayth, and for no new loues rage
> To fley Iarbes, and kepe my promes suer.
> But se fortune, that wold in nother age
> Myne honest wyll in perfayte blisse assuer;
> For while I lyvyd, she made my day short;
> And now wyth lyes my shame she doth report.

It is well known that Wyatt's translations of Italian sonnets are rhythmically much harsher than his songs. The same harshness is apparent in what is probably a translation of a sonnet, though a line is missing from the octave. These are the last four lines:

> Bayned in the forde, Dispere to washe awaye,
> Hoppyng hereafter from Darke to fynd the Light,
> Brought to the hyiste, am of the Deptyst agast,
> For Dred to falle, my hand now hold the fast.

The poet of the Blage MS. bewails the unkindness of his mistress and her false newfangledness; he looks back on a time when he was once loved; he complains of being borne in hand; he prays for patience; he longs for death as a release from the misery of unreturned love; he rejoices in being freed from love at last; and he laments the cruelty of fortune. These are doubtless conventional themes, but the varying treatment of the themes resembles that of Wyatt's acknowledged work. The poet is fond of varying his refrains from stanza to stanza; he likes quibbling phrases, such as 'Happe happith' 'fforce perforce' and 'cause causeles'; he sometimes used very colloquial invective and he falls back on a mixture of rhymed and alliterative verse. He 'breaks through the hypothetical world of fancy, with its artificial emotions and studied address, and with fine imagination realises his experiences, and presents them in simple, fervent, and sincere language'. This quotation was written by F. M. Padelford about Wyatt, and it could be applied exactly to the poet of the Blage MS., just as the previous description of his work would be applied, without alteration, to Wyatt's.

The following poems are among those I would ascribe to Wyatt. I have altered the spelling of one or two words which might otherwise be misread and in the first poem I have restored words which have been damaged in the manuscript:

I

> Alas, fortune, what alith the
> Thus euermore to turment me?
> Although that I onworthy be
> Thow wylnot chaunge.

Faynest when I wold obteyne,
Then thow hast me still in disdayne,
Wylt thow thus styll increase my payne,
And wylt not chaunce?

Alas! doth this not the suffice?
What prouf yet canste thow more devyse
Then styll to turment me in this wise
And yet not chaunge?

What shuld I more to thee now saye?
Sum hoppe in me doth rest alwaye,
Yet bound to thee I doo obey:
When wylt thou chaunge?

Seyng there ys no remedy,
I wyll the suffer paciently,
Euer in trust at last, perdy,
That thow wylt chaunge.

II

Alle ye that knowe of care and heuynes,
My woofull fatte when ye haue hard,
Then judge the truthe in this my great distresse,
Yf any woo may be therto compared;
And marke my thought as I shall yt expresse,
For cause hit self doth nother mar nor make,
But euyn as the pacyent doth hit take.

I thyncke whoo soo doth behold my payne
Sees the soule of sorow grounded in gryff,
The rotte of woo portred in payne,
The cloude of care dispayred in Relyff,
The lothed lyff thorow dartyd with dysdayne,
Sorow ys I and I evyn the same,
Ine that all men do call me by that name.

When I doo cast my carefull lok doun Right
Vpon the ground, as thoo that I wolld fall,
Theryn me thynckes ys gravyn with my sight
The pyctour of my sorowfull thoughtes all;
Ye, and the wormes that appere agaynst the nyght,
As me semes, they thynck that deth doth mych yll
To leve me thus to lyve agaynst my wyll.

Where I do vse to lye Right secretly,
Apon a banck ouer a Ryuer clere,
Soo ofte I there be wayle my desteyne
That the water disdayneth hit to here,
And at my wepyng takes great envy,
Lest the teres that ffrome my nyes do rayne
Shuld cause the fysshe theryn to morne and playne.

Alone when I doo walke the woodes wandryng,
Vttryng my care with paynefull sighes and grevans,
The birdes, which on the bowes syt syngyng,
To here my cry then ses they all attons,
Hauyng great grudge at me and my wellyng,
By cause yt was so grevous shryle and lowde,
That hit stonnyd there song thorow all the woode.

III

Alas! my Dere, the word thow spakest
Hath smotte the stroke within my brest
Of Cruell Deth, sens thow forsackyst
Me and my faithfull ment behest.
Too long I shewed that word to here,
That doth renew my great onrest
And mornyng Chere.

And mornyng Chere, which by dispayre
For wante of hoppe ys myche increst,
So that now past both hoppe and fere,
Of my judgement I know the best
Ys Lyf a while in paynefull woo;
And how soon Deth wyll pers my brest,
I doo not know.

I do not know when, nor how sone,
The stroke thow smast within my hart
Wyll blede me to a dedely sowne,
But well I know, tho thow revert,
Till yt do blede and I stark dede,
I shall renew with dayly smart
This Lyffe I Lede.

This Lyffe I Lede and Lyve to Long,
Agayn my wyll in ters to melt,
Sens none ther ys may ryght my wrong;
But I must fele that I haue felt
The Stroke of Deth, and cannot Dy,
Gaylyd within the strongest belt
Of Crueltie.

Of Crueltie and cruell Deth,
Forst to abyde Extremytie,
And yet do lyve, thoo I want breth,
To show further how cruelly
My hoope ys turned to murnyng chere,
And ye the cause thereof onely,
Alas, my dere.

IV

Syethe yt ys so that I am thus refusyd,
And by no meanys I can yt Remedye,
Me thynckes of Right I ought to be excusyd,
Tho to my hart I set yt not to nye;
But now I see, Alas, tho I shuld dye,
Ffor want of truthe and ffaythffull stedfastnes
Of hym that hathe my hart onlye,
Yt wold not be but ffals nuffanglydnes.

I set my hart I thought not to withdrawe,
The proffe therof ys knowen to well, Alas!
But now I se that neuer erst I sawe
Wher I sought gold I fond but brytell glas.
Now yt ys this ye know, somthyng yt was
Not so promysed, the truthe ys so dobtles.
Who ys my fo, who brynges me in thys cace?
I can none blame but ffals newfanglydnes.

Yet Reasone wold that trewe love was regardyd
Without ffayninge, wher ment ffaythfully,
And not with vnkyndnes ys to be rewardyd.
But this yt ys, Alas, suche hap had I,
I can no more but I shall me applye
My woffull hart to bryng out of distres,
And withdraw my mynd so full of ffollye,
Sythe thus dothe Raygne this false newfanglydnes.

V

Tho of the sort ther be that ffayne
And cloke ther craft to serve ther turne,
Shall I, Alas, that trewlye mene,
Ffor ther offence thus gyltles burne;
And yf I bye ther ffawt to dere,
That ther vntruthe thus hett my ffyere,
Then haue I wronge.

Tho ffraylte fayle not to appere
In them that wayle as well as I,
And though the ffals by lycke desyere
Dothe swere hym selfe thyn owne to bee,
Yf thou dost judge me one of theys
That so can fayne suche commone ways,
Then haue I wronge.

Tho chaunse hathe powere to chaunge thy love,
That all by chaunce ther wyll dothe gyd,
Suche chaunce may not my hart remove,
For I by choise my selfe haue tryed;
And not by chaunce, wherfore I saye,
Yf thou dost not my wylffare staye,
Then haue I wronge.

Tho stedffastnes in them do lacke,
That do protest the contrayrye,
And tho perfformans none theay make
Of that theay promyse diuerslye,
Yet syns ther ffawtis ar none of myne,
Yf thou Reffussyst me for thyne,
Then haue I wronge.

VI

My swet, alas, fforget me not,
That am your owne ffull suer possesste;
And ffor my part, as well ye woot,
I cannot swarue ffrome my behest;
Sens that my lyffe lyethe in your lott,
At this my pore and just request,
Fforget me not.

Ye wott how suer that I am tryed,
My menyng clene devoyde of blott;
Yours ys the proffe; ye haue me tryed,
And in my swet ye ffound no spott;
Of all my welthe and helthe is the gyd,
That of my lyff doth knyt the knot,
Fforget me not.

Ffor yours I am and wilbe styll,
Although dalye ye se me not;
Sek ffor to saue, that ye may spyll,
Syns of my lyffe ye sold the shott;
Then grant me this ffor my good wyll,
Whiche ys but Ryght, as god yt wot,
Fforget me not.

Consyder how I am your thrall,
To serue you bothe in cold and hott;
My ffawtes ffor thinking nought at all,
In prisone strong tho I shuld Rott;
Then in your earys let petye ffall,
And leste I peryshe, in your lott
Fforget me not.

Correspondence

Alexander Henderson writes—

'E. M. W. Tillyard asks (*A.R.E.L.* I, 3, July 1960) what does "pointed clay" mean in Collins's line "Long, long, thy Stone and pointed Clay"? Surely it means brickwork. Clay is the raw material of bricks and *point* has here its common meaning, to insert mortar between the courses of brick. The whole line, and that following, thus mean that the poet's tomb (seen, perhaps, prophetically, in the future) is built of stone and brickwork and will long endure to move the spectator to tears. Obviously clay is an especially effective word at this point because of the association with the body, while there is also a certain paradoxical tension in the idea of stone and clay melting the eye.'

An Introduction to Bagehot

JOHN WAIN

BAGEHOT'S work can be divided into (i) the writings on finance, about which he had special knowledge and was a recognised authority; (ii) the writings on politics, a subject on which he had thought carefully and towards which he cherished certain unfulfilled ambitions; (iii) the literary criticism, which is that of an amateur with no ambition to compete, and seems to have been called into being by no urgent pressure but rather by the simple habit of taking pen in hand to discuss whatever interested him.

Of these three, the literary criticism seems the category that has worn best, if only because the other two were more anchored to topicality. Nobody is going to read Bagehot's works on banking or the Constitution to inform himself on these subjects; they will be glanced at by people curious about the state of intelligent and trained opinion on these matters in the eighteen-sixties. The literary criticism, though of course just as 'Victorian', is however out of date in a subtler way that no sensible person will worry about. Any one who has read Gibbon, Shakespeare, Shelley, Clough, Macaulay, and who fancies reading some discussion *about* them, will turn to Bagehot without having to push against an unfamiliar idiom or accept forgotten conventions.

In his Introduction to Bagehot's life and thought Dr. St. John Stevas[1] has very capably outlined the main points of Bagehot's intellectual position, and the few memorable facts of his secure and peaceful life. He has the annoying mannerism of referring to his subject as 'Walter' in the biographical paragraphs and 'Bagehot' in the expository ones; and he also has that occupational disease of

[1] Walter Bagehot: A study of his life and thought together with a selection from his political writings. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 36s.

the biographer, a belief that his own man cannot be raised up without everyone else's man being hammered down, so that Clough is banished to a limbo of indecision from which 'Walter's' 'robust common sense saved him', while Bagehot's social criticism 'had none of the shrillness of Matthew Arnold's strictures'— as if both *Amours de Voyage* and *Essays in Criticism* were not far finer works than Bagehot ever managed.

This book serves a practical purpose. Bagehot's literary essays have worn well enough to merit being preserved and read entire; with a little rooting about, it is easy enough to find Hutton's three-volume edition (*Literary Studies*, Longmans, Green, 1905). The constitutional and political writings did need to be gathered into one handy volume, abridged, and provided with a certain amount of commentary. (The ones on monetary theory can safely be left to the interested specialist.) The effect of this book, in short, is to clear the way for a revival of interest in Bagehot; it sets the non-literary Bagehot comfortably in the light of day.

So reassured, we can turn back to Bagehot's literary writings. How good they are, and how valuable from so many points of view! First, of course, they are enjoyable and stimulating in themselves. Bagehot writes well, and has a gift of phrase that is very useful in making his judgements memorable. When he remarks that 'Much of *Tristram Shandy* is a sort of ante-diluvian fun, in which uncouth Saurian jokes play idly in an unintelligible world', the image stays with us as typifying not only the 'tradition of learned wit', but the whole nature of the book. It is shorthand, a way of conveying a judgement by a single decisive image, and very different from the water-colour sketches of the writer of critical *belles-lettres*.

That is one characteristic of Bagehot's criticism; another is his habit of turning straight from the printed page to his experience of life and back again. He is always willing to reason from ordinary observation:

> Children think that everybody who is bad is very bad. Their simple eager disposition only understands the doing what they wish to do; they do not

refine: if they hear of a man doing evil, they think he wishes to do it—that he has a special impulse to do evil, as they have to do what they do. Something like this was the case with Shelley. His mind, impulsive and childlike, could not imagine the struggling kind of character—either those which struggle with their lower nature and conquer, or those which struggle and are vanquished.

This is, of course, not the only thing Bagehot has to say about Shelley. But it is an undeniable truth, which, once uttered, sticks in the mind—which is the kind of thing we go to Bagehot to get.

The other usefulness of Bagehot's criticism is that it is so central to its day and age. It is not the norm, but it is what, in a perfect world, would be the norm. Every educated Victorian gentleman who read the English classics and gave his opinions about them would have sounded like Bagehot if he had been articulate enough —that is the impression we get, and while it is not strictly true it is true enough to make Bagehot's criticism an important document. His starting-point is always that of the amateur; the importance he claims is that of being the reader for whom the books are written. No author writes only for professional scholars; on the other hand:

The half-educated and busy crowd whom we call the public have no more right to impose their limitations on highly educated and meditative thinkers, than the uneducated and yet more numerous crowd have to impose their still narrower limitations on the half-educated. The coal-heaver will not read any books whatever; the mass of men will not read an intellectual poem: it can hardly ever be otherwise . . . little deep poetry is popular, and no *severe* art.

This view puts a great strain on the educated non-professional reader, and on the writer it puts a corresponding responsibility to bear such people in mind, to write so that they can understand him. Bagehot's view was that the man of affairs, provided he had the education and the leisure, was the only true judge of artistic merit, because he lived in that broader world to which the work of art referred. This had been the assumption of the cultivated gentleman a hundred years earlier; it is today the assumption of hardly anyone. Bagehot occupied an intermediate position. The claim of the non-specialist, 'practical' man to judge literary

questions had not yet been given up and he did not foresee a time when it will be given up. All the same, he had not quite the confidence of his eighteenth-century counterpart. There is something defensive, even querulous, in his constant jeering at pedants and professors. He was aware of a threat—quite rightly, for the intensive study of national literatures had come into the hands of professionals and as a graduate of London University Bagehot knew that it had. And this state of affairs annoyed him a good deal. In the otherwise interesting essay 'Shakespeare—the Man', he devotes an absurdly large amount of space at the beginning to an attack on the bookish character. He drags Southey into it, ridiculing that author's set habits: 'He wrote poetry (as if anybody could) before breakfast.' Without trying to defend Southey's poetry, one can surely remark that the early hours of the morning might be as good a time for writing poetry as any. 'His wife kept house and allowed him pocket-money, just as if he had been a German professor devoted to accents, tobacco, and the dates of Horace's amours.' Considering the speed and thoroughness with which professors, German and otherwise, were already changing the whole business of literary study, making the position of a Bagehot more and more difficult, there is some justification for the irritability, but it makes painful reading.

It need not have been painful; the same attitude could have been expressed with more tact and sensitivity, and without arousing any of the resistance that one so often finds oneself putting up against Bagehot. Whenever he feels himself to be on the defensive, he becomes bluff, heartily sweeping and aggressive, and infallibly spoils his case by overstating it. Thus, he is perfectly right to say, in the essay on Oxford (1852), that it is a mistake to train too many men for the learned professions; there is a natural 'ceiling' provided by the fact that not everyone is temperamentally suited to such work; but one stiffens into hostility at Bagehot's tone:

> In attempting by large bounties (and such should be the resource of the Universities) to increase much the number of lifelong students, we should but add to the supply of stupid and indifferent works, to the list of authors without

a call. Why should we pay people to compose a Structural Dissertation on the Walls of Athens, Abstractitudes of the Sciences, Thoughts on Tissue, or a Biography of Greek Heroes anterior to Agamemnon?

Such reasoning is Philistine (to disclaim all interest in 'the Walls of Athens' is to condemn in advance the fascinating new views of history opened by archaeology) as well as non-utilitarian (if people had begun a little sooner to have 'Thoughts on Tissue' there might by this time have been a cure for cancer). Bagehot's common sense is too common to be consistently sensible.

In this as in other respects, the twentieth-century writer who most resembles Bagehot, at least so far as his literary criticism is concerned, is George Orwell. The inferiority of Orwell's criticism to Bagehot's is a measure of how much more difficult the position of the obstinately non-professional critic had become. Still, the resemblances are strong enough to be striking; and we might note, in passing, that neither Orwell nor Bagehot had been through the intensive processing of Oxford or Cambridge. One of the reasons why a present-day Bagehot is an impossibility is precisely that the doctrinal qualification, which compelled him to seek his education in Gower Street rather than Oxford, has been abolished. A Bagehot smoothed and plumped by Oxford, or corrugated and acidulated by Cambridge, simply would not be Bagehot. Neither would an Orwell so treated be Orwell—though it would have done him no harm as a critic to continue his formal education a little longer, since one of his critical faults, from first to last, was shortage of information.

Sometimes we find the two making exactly the same point:

Mr. Pickwick is stated to have 'retired from business'. But no one can fancy what he was in business. Such guileless simplicity of heart and easy impressibility of disposition would soon have induced a painful failure among the harsh struggles and tempting speculations of pecuniary life. (Bagehot)

Even Dickens must have reflected occasionally that anyone who was so anxious to give his money away would never have acquired it in the first place. Mr. Pickwick, for instance, had 'been in the city', but it is difficult to imagine him making a fortune there. (Orwell)

At other times the resemblance is a matter of temperament and affinity. When Bagehot points out that the institution of monarchy, for all its absurdities, appeals to the common man and gives him an easily understood motive for preserving social stability, one recalls Orwell's contention that England was actually kept going during the most desperate days of the war by 'the atavistic emotion of patriotism, the ingrained feeling of the English-speaking peoples that they are superior to foreigners'—so that there was, after all, some place in the scheme of things for these demonstrably unintelligent feelings.

Orwell also resembles Bagehot in his belief that the pipe-line from literature to life must be kept clear by constant working. We might expect that they would both show an affinity to that devoted cell of academic critics whose avowed purpose is to 'make literary studies minister to life'. In fact, as we see when we come to compare them, there is no affinity whatsoever, but a complete opposition. And perhaps there is a moral here. Both Bagehot and Orwell related literature to life, but they did it not by means of an ever-lengthening catalogue of prohibitions, but rather by affirmation and openness. Neither had the temperament that can decide on a few sacred books and brand the rest as frivolous or worse. If I could venture a guess I would predict that critics, both inside and outside the academic fold, will turn increasingly away from the narrower example and follow the broader. Already Lionel Trilling has praised the permissive catholicity of Saintsbury, which twenty years ago was the deadest of all critical attitudes, because:

> it affirms the swarming, multitudinous democracy of letters, and testifies to the rightness of loving civilisation and culture in and for themselves and of taking pleasure in human communication almost for its own sake and of the order and peace in which men may listen to each other and have time and generosity enough to listen even to those who do not succeed in saying absolutely the best things.

Bagehot's work fits in very well with the notion of the critical function which animates that passage. It is a notion which, whatever other notions may flourish by the side of it, we must keep

alive if we can; certainly we shall never arrive at a state in which we can say that we do not need it. That broad, humane tolerance was a necessity in Bagehot's time; in ours, it is more of a necessity; by so much more as the times have worsened, and as civilisation and humane communication of man with man are more difficult to maintain. In illustration of which, let me end with two sentences from Bagehot's essay, 'The Advantages and Disadvantages of Becoming a Member of Parliament' (1874):

> Our newspapers are, and are proud that they are, distinguished by an absence of personality; they do not lift the veil of private life; they do not tell the inner weakness of public men or the details of their 'habit as they live', and there can be no greater merit in the papers or blessing to the public. An incessant press dealing with real personalities would sicken its readers, and would drive sensitive men from public life.

These sentences could not be written now; perhaps they can never be written again. All the more reason to meditate on Bagehot, and try to produce the conditions which will allow some of his kind of work to be done today. For civilisation depends, ultimately, on one thing above all others—a supply of civilised men.

Chrysanthemums

The year's last portrait of the sun
Shows him as hale as any earlier one;
And yet the rays, curled inward, holding back
Some warmth, are ready for the first attack
Of frost. I take that as a hint and store
Memory of things common enough to bore,
Such as my daily walk, the voice of a crow,
And the soon-forgotten sound of flying snow.

Edward Lowbury

Trollope and His Style

HUGH SYKES DAVIES

DONNE and Trollope are the two writers who have benefited most from changes in literary taste in the present century; both are read much more widely than they were fifty years ago. They make a queer pair, at first sight, and suggest some of the complexities involved in literary taste, in generations, in the zeitgeist. Upon a closer view, however, some of these complexities unravel, for it is evident that the two have benefited in very different ways, and from very different types of reader and of reading. Donne has been a notable example of the power of critics to influence readers. Trollope has been quite as notable an example of the power of readers to go it alone, whatever the critics may say.

Trollope has had, of course, his critical defenders, and many of them (none more than Mr. Sadleir) have served him very well. But though many good critics have argued in his favour, they have always felt obliged to apologise for his faults, and it has somehow always happened that they have been able to define his weaknesses far more clearly than his strengths. There is his lack of 'art', of 'imagination', his unworthy, almost base conception of fiction, his ruthless commercial exploitation of his own talents, and so forth. As to his style, his critics have been quite unanimous in asserting that he had none at all: nothing more than a friendly, simple, hackney-carriage sort of trick for conveying his characters along the meandering roads of his planless plots. He may be read, he may even be enjoyed, for the sake of his characters and incidental reflections upon life, especially Victorian life, but the verbal texture is of no interest whatever. It is no doubt significant that the Oxford University Press has been forced to abandon its attempt at a real collected edition, and to leave us with the World's

Classics. There was no demand for it, so they say. (See the publisher's letter in the *New Statesman*, 23 May 1959.) It is the more sad because it was the third attempt to produce such an edition: Routledge began one in 1909, Blackwell (with Mr. Sadleir as editor) another in 1929, and both can be found in library catalogues recorded as still 'in progress', or with a hopeful dash indicating that more was to come—but more never came, and the librarians have never added a proper epitaph. When the third try is unlucky, matters are serious. It looks very much as if both readers and critics are well content to read him in editions which, invaluable, cheap and useful as they are, direct attention away from his use of words, by printing them very small.

Here are three characteristic criticisms of Trollope's style:

> Mr. Trollope was not an artist, he was a photographer. It was only for the improvement of his style that he subjected himself to discipline. In this he persevered until he developed a narrative style which, for his purpose, could hardly be surpassed: it is lucid and easy, if somewhat commonplace.
>
> (W. F. Lord, *The Nineteenth Century*, 1901.)

> It is in style that Trollope's relative weakness of imagination shows itself most clearly. Style is the writer's power to incarnate his conceptions in a sensible form. . . . Now of style, in this sense, Trollope has none at all. He writes easily and unaffectedly—and his tone has its own masculine friendliness. But that is all. He has no characteristic cadence, no typical unique use of image and epithet.
>
> (Lord David Cecil, *Early Victorian Novelists*.)

> In considering Trollope's potential capacity as a writer, one at once comes up against the question of his style. It is his style which gives him his reputation as a basically unserious writer. He seems to have surrendered without a struggle to a purely narrative style, as though he had early in his writing career—when his family smiled at his efforts perhaps—decided that he was cut out for no more than a story-teller. In nothing that he wrote—except possibly in the Autobiography—did he divest himself of his particular leisurely, untense diction. He had no idiosyncrasies and no verbal dramatics.
>
> (Beatrice Curtis Brown, *Anthony Trollope*.)

Now if all these critics are right, their charge is a serious one, and its gravity is most clearly apparent in Lord David Cecil's formulation. But I believe that they are not right, and that Trollope has,

if not typical unique uses of image and epithet, at least one characteristic cadence, which incarnates his creative conceptions in a sensible form.

Miss Curtis Brown herself points the way to this special cadence, and quotes two passages which depend upon it. But it seems to me that she has missed its significance, mainly because she was a little more concerned to make these specimens prove a point than to see what they really do. Her point was that his writing had an 'inescapably narrative character', and she tries to prove it by putting side by side quotations from Trollope's biography of Palmerston and from *The Eustace Diamonds*. Here is the best of her comparisons:

> During these eighteen years he was thoroughly learning his duty as a Minister of the Crown—learning, as some will say, how to exaggerate those duties, and to absorb into his own hands more of power and potentiality than had been intended by those who had appointed him. But by himself, though he thought probably but little about it while he was learning it, the lesson had to be learned; and the lesson taught seems to have been this, that he would interfere with the duties of no other office than his own, but with those duties he would put up with no interference. There may have been danger in this; but such was his theory of official life.

> She had been a very clever child, a clever, crafty child; and now she was becoming a clever woman. Her craft remained with her; but so keen was her outlook upon the world, that she was beginning to perceive that craft, let it be never so crafty, will in the long run miss its own object. She actually envied the simplicity of Lucy Morris . . . But she could see—or half see—that Lucy with her simplicity was stronger than was she with her craft. She had nearly captivated Frank Greystock with her wiles, but without any wiles Lucy had captivated him altogether.

Miss Brown rightly observes that 'the cadence, the approach to the sentence climax, is the same in each book'. And it was well worth observing that the style which he used in his novels was carried over into the entirely serious and factual business of biography. But Miss Brown was not quite on the right track in giving these passages as illustrations of 'inescapably' narrative

writing. They are both of them much more concerned with the analysis of character and motive, and are relatively static in their point of view. Had they been narrative, her criticisms of them would have been just: 'there is the same repetition of a word, the same picking up and carrying on from one short clause to the next, so that we have the feeling of continually going back a step before we go forward . . . this relaxed approach, this method of tentatively setting down a statement and then circling round it, this intoxication with repetition, can be used for weaving a fabric, but not for building great structures or for shooting at a mark.' But once they are taken, not as narrative but as analysis, this going back and forward, this circling round the statement, is seen to be an entirely natural and usual expression of that process of approximation and qualification which is inseparable from any attempt to balance up the conflicts and complexities of human character and motive.

This process, moreover, is closely linked with a recurring cadence which seems to be specially characteristic of Trollope. It is unobtrusive, indeed, yet in its own way powerful, and its power depends on nothing more than a very skilful use of the small word *but*, together with those meanings of *and* which the dictionaries call 'adversative', and occasionally such other conjunctions as *though* and *unless*. This special cadence, and use of *but*, can be seen in the two passages just quoted, especially in these sentences:

> he would interfere with the duties of no other office than his own, *but* with those duties he would put up with no interference. There may have been a danger in this; *but* such was his theory of official life.
>
> She had nearly captivated Frank Greystock with her wiles, *but* without any wiles Lucy had captivated him altogether.

In both cases, the conjunction is used to establish an antithesis between two very closely related phrases, and the repetition of words and phrases is nearly as characteristic an aspect of this special cadence as the conjunction itself. In the second, the double antithesis made to balance on the *but* is of some complexity: 'nearly captivated' against 'captivated altogether', and 'with her

wiles' against 'without any wiles'. It is a turn of phrase not unlike that found in the heroic couplet of the Augustans, less compressed, less witty, but with the same kind of power to make words modify one another by being held in a pattern of contrast: and even if the comparison is not forced far enough to make Trollope a kind of Pope in prose—and it certainly should not be forced anything like as far as that—it still has enough weight to make one question the view that his style is 'simple', 'easy', commonplace.

'Cadence' is a good word to describe this turn of words: good, up to a point. For it is true that any competent reader will feel (if not perceive clearly) the anti-climax conveyed in the second repetition of the phrase, enforced by the strong use of *but*, and that he will render it by means of a more or less falling intonation. It will be, in fact, a specific 'cadence', such as is necessary for the reading of heroic couplets, or of the endings of Sir Thomas Browne's most nostalgic sentences. But the sound-effect is not separable from the sense, in this instance or in any other. Phonetic and semantic elements occur in the most intimate relation in language as we practise it; they are only roughly separable when we try to analyse it. Trollope's 'cadence', then, depends quite as much upon a characteristic turn of thought as upon a turn of words: indeed the two are inseparable, and it is in this sense that it may constitute a real element of 'style', in Lord David Cecil's sense—'the writer's power to incarnate his conceptions in sensible form'.

But how typical is this cadence of Trollope's writing? The following examples suggest an answer—it would need a concordance to come near proving the answer to be right. In all of them, there is the powerful use of *but* and other adversative conjunctions (italicised for the sake of the reader who runs). In most of them there is the repetition of word and phrase by which the original statement is deflated, at least partially debunked, in such a way that the tone of voice must fall. They have been arrayed under headings which, however imperfectly descriptive, give some idea of the main turns of thought which are 'sensibly incarnated' in these turns of words.

(i) Very often Trollope uses *but* etc., as any other writer might, to introduce a qualification or an exception; sometimes he uses the word forcefully, but not in a manner peculiar to himself:

Women for the most part are prone to love-making—as nature has intended that they should be; *but* there are women from whom all such follies seem to be as distant as skittles and beer are distant from the dignity of the Lord Chancellor. Such a woman was Lady Mason. *Orley Farm.*

He had seen his father and had used all the eloquence of which he was master —*but* not quite with the effect which he had desired. His father had been very kind, *but* he, too, had been eloquent; *and* had, as is often the case with orators, been apparently more moved by his own words than by those of his adversary. *The Duke's Children.*

Dear Lady Staveley was always living in a fever lest her only son, the light of her eyes, should fall irrevocably in love with some lady that was by no means good enough for him. Revocably in love he was daily falling; *but* some day he would go too deep, and the waters would close over his well-loved head. *Orley Farm.*

(ii) A much more specialised use of the cadence is to lay bare the perplexities of motives in conflict, and to suggest the presence of motives not quite conscious in their victim:

Everett Wharton had simply shown himself to be inefficient to earn his own bread. He had never declined to do this—*but* had simply been inefficient. He had not declared either by words or actions that his father was a rich man, and as he was an only son, he would therefore do nothing. *But* he had tried his hand thrice, and in each case, after but short trial, had assured his father and his friends that the thing had not suited him. *The Prime Minister.*

Colonel Osborne knew that his visit to Nuncombe Putney had been very innocent; *but* he did not like the feeling that even his innocence had been made the subject of observation. *He Knew He Was Right.*

He was quite willing to marry and settle down, and looked forward with satisfaction to having Mabel Grex as his wife. *But* it would be pleasant to have a six-months run of flirting and love-making before this settlement, and he had certainly never seen anyone with whom this would be so delightful as with Miss Boncassen. *But* that the two ladies should be at the same house was unfortunate. *The Duke's Children.*

'Of course I don't know,' continued Sir Anthony, 'what has taken place between you and her, or what between her and your mother; but I suppose the whole thing might fall through without any further trouble to you—or without anything unhandsome on your part?' But Captain Aylmer still said nothing. The whole thing might, no doubt, fall through, *but* he wished to be neither unjust nor ungenerous—*and* he specially wished to avoid anything unhandsome.

The Belton Estate.

(iii) Another special and characteristic use of the cadence is to reveal indecision, or the unfirm quality of a decision which a man supposes himself to have taken:

He was quite conscious of his own weakness. More than once, during that period of the snap-dragon, did he say to himself that he would descend into the lists and break a lance in that tourney; *but* still he did not descend, and his lance remained inglorious in its rest.

Orley Farm.

That the power of a husband was paramount, he was well aware, *but* he did not exactly see his way to the exercise of it.

Is He Popenjoy?

If he could steel his heart against his daughter's sorrow for, say, a twelve-month, the victory would be won. *But* he already began to fear that he lacked the power to steel his heart against his daughter.

The Prime Minister.

This which Mrs. Finn had said to him was all to the same effect as that which had come from Lady Cantrip; only it was said with a higher spirit. Both the women saw the matter in the same light. There must be a fight between him and his girl; *but* she, if she could hold out for a certain time, would be the conqueror.

The Duke's Children.

He thought that he could give up racecourses; *but* he was sure that he could at any rate say that he would give them up.

Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite.

He knew that he had been wrong, and he almost resolved that the chambers in Southampton Buildings should be altogether abandoned, and his books removed to Popham Villa. *But* such men do not quite resolve. Before he

could lay his hand upon the table and assure himself that the thing should be done, the volume had been taken up again, used for a few minutes, and then the man's mind had run away again to that vague contemplation which is so much easier than the forming of a steady purpose. *Ralph the Heir.*

(iv) Another very characteristic use of the cadence is to point the difference between a man's own estimate of himself, and the real estimate:

It cannot be said that he did much thinking for himself;—*but* he thought that he thought. *The Prime Minister.*

The Frau Frohmann was a woman who loved power, *but* who loved to use it for the benefit of those around her—*or at any rate* to think that she so used it. She believed in the principles of despotism and paternal government—*but* always on the understanding that she was to be the despot.

Why Frau Frohmann Raised Her Prices.

He liked that people under him should thrive—*and* he liked them to know that they throve by his means. He liked to be master, and always was. He was just, *and* liked his justice to be recognised. He was generous also, *and* liked that, too, to be known. *Dr. Wortle's School.*

He told himself that he was very fond of children. The girls over at the parsonage would not have said so, *but* they probably did not know his character. *Mr. Scarborough's Family.*

(v) Finally, the cadence is often used to point the discrepancy between theory and practice in moral conduct, the almost universal failure to practise what we agree ought to be preached:

Mrs. Furnival had become solid, and heavy, and red; and though he himself was solid, and heavy, and red also—more so, indeed, in proportion than his poor wife, for his redness, as I have said before, had almost reached a purple hue; nevertheless his eye loved to look upon the beauty of a lovely woman, his ear loved to hear the tone of her voice, and his hand loved to meet the soft ripeness of her touch. It was very wrong that it should have been so, *but* the case is not without a parallel. *Orley Farm.*

Mr. Fielding, however, got great credit for his sermon; and it did, probably, more good than harm—*unless*, indeed, we should take into our calculation, in giving our award on this subject, the permanent utility of all truth, and the permanent injury of all falsehood.

The Claverings.

The theory of man and wife—that special theory in accordance with which the wife is to bend herself in loving submission before her husband—is very beautiful; and would be good altogether if it could only be arranged that the husband should be the stronger and the greater of the two. The theory is based upon that hypothesis; *and* the hypothesis sometimes fails of confirmation. In ordinary marriages the vessel rights itself, and the stronger and greater takes the lead, whether clothed in petticoats, or in coat, waistcoat, and trousers; *but* there sometimes comes a terrible shipwreck, when the woman before marriage has filled herself full with ideas of submission, and then finds that her golden-headed god has got an iron body and feet of clay.

The Belton Estate.

But though his delay had been cowardly, it had not been easy for him to be a coward. He despised himself for not having written with warm full-expressed affection to Florence and with honest clear truth to Julia. Half his misery rose from this feeling of self-abasement, and from the consciousness that he was weak—piteously weak, exactly in that in[1] which he had often boasted to himself he was strong. *But* such inward boastings are not altogether bad. They preserve men from succumbing, and make at any rate some attempt to realise themselves. The man who tells himself that he is brave will struggle much before he flies; *but* the man who never does so tell himself will find flying easy unless his heart be of nature very high.

The Claverings.

That is perhaps as many illustrations as anyone can bear. They have been chosen from well over a hundred, but it can hardly be expected of any human being to carry such an inquiry further, above all at this moment of time, when electronic devices are within a few years of doing a job like this (including the actual

[1]This sentence sadly illustrates the lack of a good text of Trollope. In *The World's Classics* text, the second 'in' is omitted, adding slightly to the elegance of the phrasing, but at the cost of an obvious grammatical error. It is none of Trollope's making. The text of the original publication in *The Cornhill* (Oct. 1866) was correct, and so was that of the first publication in book form by Smith, Elder in 1867.

reading of the books) and producing quite definite results, all in a tenth or a hundredth of the time that would be needed by a merely human student of stylistics in the mass. The machine, moreover, will with equal celerity produce the obviously needful comparisons between Trollope and his contemporaries: George Eliot, Dickens, Lytton, Kingsley, Lever and so forth. For the moment, and until the input-tape punches have replaced critical hunches, it is only claimed that, *prima facie*, it looks rather as though Trollope might have a cadence after all.

Moreover, though the general heads under which these specimens are arranged may be crudely formulated and though particular specimens may be very arguably allotted among them, there is something of a *prima facie* case for supposing that this cadence is more or less closely linked with a cast of mind, a quality of moral conception. They tend to display Trollope, not so much as great moralist, an explorer of the bases of right and wrong, but rather as a passionate casuist, an observer of the relation between principles and practice. Is this to his credit or to his discredit? Should the novelist always lay down great principles of right and wrong, or is he sometimes well employed in taking the principles of his day and milieu for granted, and noting how they operate in a working model of its life?

Trollope was taken to task for doing the second, and not the first, by the most intelligent and perceptive of his early critics, Émile Montégut, who reviewed *The Warden*, *Barchester Towers* and *Dr. Thorne* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1853 and 1858.[1] Montégut was not, perhaps, quite in the first rank of French critics, though his official biographer bravely sets him beside Taine, Sainte-Beuve, Schérer and Brunetière, Lemaître and Faguet. But he knew English and English literature, and the critical equipment which he brought to bear on it was exactly of the kind that made Arnold so sure that it was impossible to be cultured unless one read the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is especially instructive to compare Montégut's reviews with the earlier English reviews of the same books, surveyed recently in a learned

[1] Reprinted in *Ecrivains modernes de l'Angleterre*, vol. 1. Hachette, Paris 1892.

Finnish dissertation by Rafael Helling.[1] The English reviewers were concerned with a simple conception of realism—should it be photographic or not? Should the characters be like the average reader or not? Were the clergymen drawn from life—surely they must be? They give an overwhelming impression of naiveté, of never having given any real thought to the nature of art in general, and still less to the problems of the novel in particular. In contrast with them, Montégut has reflection, perception, principles of his own, and an altogether superior capacity to describe what is in front of him. This is perhaps the central passage in which he defines what Trollope was doing, and suggests what he ought rather to have done:

> His novels are written in a very radical spirit,[2] and yet it is almost touching to see with what affectionate reserve he speaks of those very people he seems to like least. He feels inclined to excuse each of the faults which he wishes to condemn, and he ends by forgiving, by means of all kinds of ingenious reasonings, the errors which in his heart he reprobates . . . A smiling scepticism and a sly benevolence are the soul of these tales and inspire the judgements of the writer upon English society . . . This kindly raillery certainly has its advantages, and in any case it is the natural result of that instinctive free-masonry which makes the English treat one another with deference and respect, even when they are quarrelling and arrayed in battle on opposing sides; it also has its faults, which we should point out to Mr. Trollope: it is contrary to the requirements of art. Art lives on violent contrasts and *parti pris* . . . The sceptic, who is never touched by passion, is certainly the best judge of human nature; he knows that what may appear to us a virtue is often an elevated version of an actual vice, and that more than one vice is only a debased form of a virtue. Mr. Trollope might well reply that his wish has been to remain faithful to reality, and that reality, when well studied, inspires neither implacable hatreds nor burning loves. No doubt, but so much the worse for reality.

So far as the main line of argument of this passage is concerned, it is, of course, still thoroughly open, and will probably long

[1] Commentationes Humanarum Litterarum, Societas Scientiarum Fennica, Helsingfors 1956.

[2] 'Dans un esprit très radical.' It is singularly difficult to translate the phrase fairly; but it carries a good deal of subversive weight in the French of the 1850's and ought to surprise some English readers of Trollope.

remain so. It was entirely reasonable in Montégut to suggest that the novelist must commit himself to grand principles, to a passionate hatred of his own villains—who must be made monstrously odious—and to an equally passionate ardour for his heroes and heroines—who must be the objects of his own most ardent affection. But Trollope, after all, took the other course not from mere inadvertence or stupidity, but from conviction. If he was wrong, he was intelligently wrong, for he gave some good reasons for his concern with unheroic heroes and ambiguous villains. One of his clearest declarations is in the twenty-eighth chapter of *The Claverings*. It begins thus: 'Perhaps no terms have been so injurious to the profession of the novelist as those two words, hero and heroine. In spite of the latitude which is allowed to the writer in putting his own interpretation upon these words something heroic is still expected; whereas, if he should attempt to paint from nature, how little that is heroic should he describe!' And it ends by a very fine variation of the characteristic cadence: 'He should have been chivalric, manly, full of high duty. He should have been all this, and full also of love, and then he would have been a hero. *But* men as I see them are not often heroic.' As he saw them, indeed, they were all more or less like John Vavasor in *Can You Forgive Her?*: 'He was a man from whom no very noble deed could be expected; *but* he was also one who would do no ignoble deed.'

The real use of Montégut's comment, however, is not as an episode in this endless argument. What is really helpful about it is that, unlike any of the English reviewers of the time, he perceived that Trollope had imposed upon his report of life a moral attitude, and one of some subtlety: of sceptical observation, of sly raillery, of affection almost cynical and charity often lukewarm. He saw in him more of an artist than they did, more of a stylist. And in this respect, a reading of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* might still be corrective of faults in English taste and culture.

It might conceivably be argued, of course, that Montégut differed from the English reviewers because he read Trollope worse than they had done, being after all a foreigner, even though

one well acquainted with our language and literature. But it is just as possible—and more probable—that he read Trollope better than they did precisely because he was reading in a foreign language. It was above all a question of pace. The English reader, both then and now, falls into the grip of the story, and in his desire to know what happens next he works up such a speed that he has no chance of becoming sensitive to subtleties of tone and texture. He reads Trollope, in fact, as the general crowded aspect of a page in *The World's Classics* enables and encourages him to read. But Montégut read the original, not unhandsome editions; he read the words set out spaciously on their pages, as one may even now read in the nine volumes of the abandoned Oxford edition. He read, moreover, in a foreign language, and so at a pace which gave him leisure to observe the verbal texture, the tone, the turns of phrase which convey the constantly veering irony of Trollope's outlook.

It is, then, a sad thing that the Oxford edition, which gave the modern reader a chance to see the words and the phrases clearly, should have been abandoned, in the face of our national determination to preserve our image of Trollope as so little a stylist that his style may be skipped. But even now the harm may be lessened if a few readers will take their *World's Classics* edition, not at the customary English scamper, but at Montégut's pace. They will, beyond a doubt, find more characteristic cadences than the one explored here: perhaps even some other features of style worth savouring.

And there would be one further advantage: a great one. A smack in the eye for those dreary neo-realists of modern fiction who like to justify their own tuneless chronicles by his example, and by the claim that his novels prove style and art superfluous to the realistic report of life.

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